

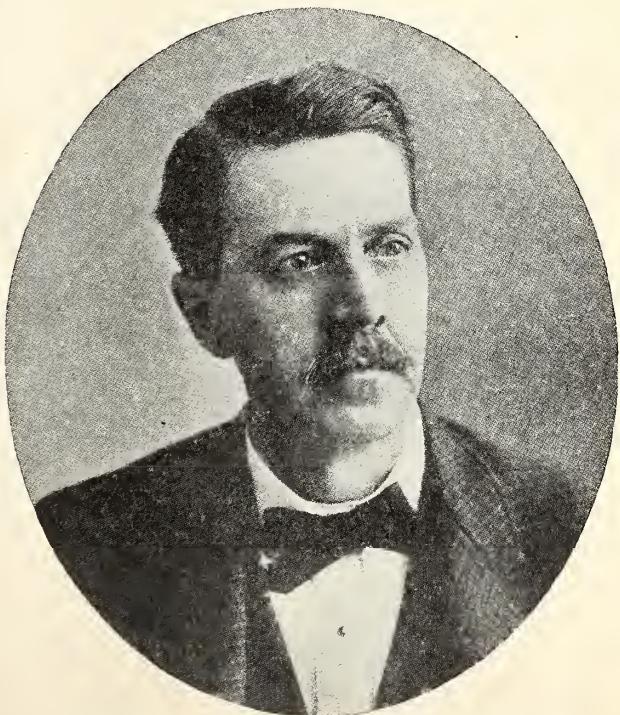
Confederate Veteran.



VOL. XXXIV.

APRIL, 1926

NO. 4



DR. HUNTER HOLMES McGUIRE, OF VIRGINIA.

Medical Director of Stonewall Jackson's army until the tragedy at Chancellorsville, and then Medical Director of the Second Army Corps to the close of the war; beloved physician of Richmond, Va., to his death in 1900, and famed for his achievements in surgical practice. (See page 140.)

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
2. A Sketch of Maury. Published by N. W. Ayer Company.
3. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
4. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, and Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.

All four sent for \$1.00, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

GOOD OFFERING IN CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

The VETERAN is ever on the lookout for the worth-while works on Confederate history, most of which are now out of print, and some of the best are offered in the following list. Give second and third choice, as in only a few instances can more than one copy be offered.

Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government. By Jefferson Davis. Two volumes.....	\$10 00
The War between the States. By Alexander H. Stephens.....	9 00
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Advance and Retreat. By Gen. John B. Hood.....	3 50
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History of Virginia. By John Esten Cooke.....	3 50

Order promptly from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

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An inquiry comes for some data on "Confederate Scouts of Mississippi," and anyone who can furnish information on the subject or books of reference will kindly address Mrs. M. M. Todd, Crystal Springs, Miss.

Nicholas Smith, of Childress, Tex., who enlisted in Company G, 8th Alabama Regiment, would like to get in communication with some comrade of war days who can help to prove his service in the effort to secure a pension.

Noah W. Money, Point of Rocks, Md., seeks information on the service of Ephraim Money, of Waterford, Loudon County, Va., who died in one of the Confederate hospitals. Wants to know what regiment he belonged to, where and when he died, and where buried.

Mrs. M. B. McLeod, West Columbia, Tex., Box 314, wishes to hear from any friends or comrades of her first husband, K. P. Robbins, who was born in Georgia and served with Company G, 2d Georgia Regiment, was captured and imprisoned at Camp Chase, Ohio, until the surrender.

George Fleming, 1706 Tenth Street, Wichita Falls, Tex., is trying to secure the war record of Thomas U. Pinkerton, Company C, 41st Tennessee Infantry, who enlisted November 4, 1861, at Camp Trousdale, and was promoted to third lieutenant early in 1864. Any surviving comrades will please write to him.

Mrs. O. H. Douglas, of Okmulgee, Okla., 1424 East Sixth Street, is trying to secure information on the war record of her grandfather, W. M. Shaw, who enlisted from Georgia or Arkansas. She also wants to know where she can get genealogies or histories of Georgia, Arkansas, and South Carolina families—the Driscoll, Shaw, and Greene families especially.

Confederate Veteran

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OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXXIV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1926.

No. 4. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM

FOUNDER.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

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MRS. W. B. KERNAN, 7219 Elm Street, New Orleans, La.

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ARKANSAS—Little Rock. Gen. M. D. Vance
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HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

GEN. C. I. WALKER—Charleston, S. C. *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. CALVIN B. VANCE—Batesville, Miss. *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. JAMES A. THOMAS—Dublin, Ga. *Honorary Commander for Life*
REV. GILES B. COOKE—Mathews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

GENERAL CHAIRMAN, U. C. V. REUNION IN BIRMINGHAM.

Valentine J. Nesbit has been appointed General Chairman of the Reunion Committees for the thirty-sixth annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans meeting in Birmingham, Ala., May 18-21, 1926. It is the intention of Birmingham to make this a "great reunion," and veterans may expect every courtesy and attention.

STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL.

BY HUGH GAYLORD BARCLAY.

Fit threnody, deep carved in mountainside,
To glorify grand epic of the age!
Memorial to exalt Southern pride
In what brave forbears left as heritage.
Memorial—ere now none like it reared—
To live as long as memory bells shall ring!
Though fountains fail, forest and field be seared,
Stone Mountain still proud "Song of Songs" will sing:
To tell all folks who come from near and far,
To wonder at this towering matchless mound,
Of how brave Southern soldiers waged grim war
To drive invading hosts from sacred ground.
As countless years roll by, carved granite ode
Will still acclaim time's tragic episode.

REUNION PLANS.

The Adjutant General, U. C. V., has encouraging reports from Birmingham as to the preparations that are being made to entertain the veterans of the Confederacy in their thirty-sixth annual reunion, May 19-21.

The railroad lines constituting the Southeastern Passenger Association have granted the one-cent rate for miles traveled for veterans and those ministering to them on the trip. Subsidiary organizations will have a rate of one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold on the certificate plan.

It is the wish of the General Chairman, Reunion Committee, Val J. Nesbit, seconded by the various committee heads, that every lady, elderly and young, attending the Veteran's Ball on the night of May 20, will wear a costume of the sixties. The floor for the first two hours will be given to the veterans, no civilian being allowed to participate at the time. The American Legion, sponsoring this ball, will see that the veterans have full sway for the first period.

Those desiring to make the trip to Stone Mountain can do so on Saturday, May 22. Arrangements have been made for train to leave Birmingham about 5:30 A.M., arriving at Atlanta about 11:30; the return trip will be made about 10:30 P.M. Veterans will be entertained at the mountain. Fare, \$5 for the round trip, tickets good for date of sale only.

Confederate Veteran.

The Tutwiler Hotel is official headquarters. Letters addressed to Chairman Hotel Reservations, 205 Martin Building, Twenty-Third and Fourth Avenue North, Birmingham, will receive prompt attention.

TWO BIRTHDAYS.

BY MYRTLE HARWOOD WILKINSON, HISTORIAN, U. D. C.
CHAPTER, MINERAL, VA.

The 5th day of February marks the anniversary of the birth of a baby, ninety-three years ago, who grew to be one of the greatest of the heroes of the War between the States.

He is formally known as Gen. James Ewell Brown Stuart, and affectionately known as "Jeb" Stuart and "The Eyes and Ears of the Army."

Dashing, gay, debonair, he left a cheery memory and a blessed memory, too, for he lived purely and fell in honor, dying with words of submission to God upon the lips that sang in midst of peril and oft breathed a prayer from his happy heart.

The other February birthday is that of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, which comes on the 3d, and brings us historical recollections of a great and good man.

Gallant in life and gallant in death, he fell at Shiloh in 1862, utterly neglectful of his severed artery, as he cheered his men to victory.

Small wonder that the knowledge of the fatal shot was kept from them as long as possible, lest they refuse to fight, knowing that the "Hero of Shiloh" fell, but felt no fear."

February gave them birth,
These two great men of old—
Albert Sidney Johnston
And "Jeb" Stuart, the bold.

And so we honor them to-day,
Our hearts their memory hold;
These gallant men who wore the gray—
These men whose hearts were gold.

GENERAL PEMBERTON'S STAFF OFFICERS.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

Responding to the request in the March VETERAN by E. D. Edwards, of Fresno, Calif., for the names of General Pemberton's staff at Vicksburg, I find in the General's report of that, to us, most disastrous campaign, he mentions the following officers:

Maj. R. W. Memminger, A. A. G. and Chief of Staff.
Col. Thomas H. Taylor, Inspector General.
Maj. Jacob Thompson, Assistant Inspector General.
Maj. W. H. McCardle, Assistant A. A. G.
Second Lieut. F. M. Stafford, Assistant A. A. G.
Maj. Samuel H. Lockett, Chief Engineer.
Maj. Livingston Mimms, Chief Quartermaster.
Maj. George Whitfield, Assistant to Chief Quartermaster.
Maj. Theodore Johnston, Chief Commissary of Subsistence.
Surgeon E. H. Bryan, Medical Director.
Capt. J. Brice, Ordnance Storekeeper.
Col. C. A. Fuller, Inspector of Artillery.
Lieut. Col. J. S. Saunders, Chief of Artillery.
Lieut. J. H. Morrison, Aide-de-Camp.
Lieut. J. C. Taylor, Aide-de-Camp.
Lieut. C. H. Tupper, Aide-de-Camp.
Capt. James Maxwell Couper, Volunteer A. D. C.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

NATIONAL HEROES.

The following editorial from a Cleveland, O., newspaper expresses a sentiment that might appropriately become general. In sending this clipping, James Hiscocks, of that city, wishes that it reflected the spirit of that entire section and thinks that in time it will be more general. The editor says:

"IN THE NORTH, Too.

"An Alabama newspaper tells of services held in the city of Gadsden to honor the memory of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

"Which item stirs this thought: What a pity that Northern cities don't go out of their way occasionally to honor these two great leaders of the Southern Confederacy.

"The time will soon come when citizens in the North as well as in the South will realize that Americans, irrespective of section, can be proud that their country has produced a Lee and a Jackson. They are national heroes, not Southern heroes only."

CONFEDERATE NAVAL RECORDS.

Valuable papers were brought to light with the discovery of some old chests containing naval records of the Confederacy in the Navy Department at Washington. They had been stored away for many years in the attic of the State, War, and Navy Building without any knowledge of their value. Recently, when such records were removed to the new Navy Building, the old chests were opened and these valuable papers were discovered. These papers will furnish much information on the personnel of the Confederate navy, for, in addition to the list of officers, there are the names of enlisted men and of those who worked in shipyards and other industrial plants. It was thought that the naval records of the Confederacy must have been destroyed in the burning of Richmond, and these old chests of papers had been stored at Washington, awaiting their turn to be examined and filed.

While many of these papers are orders to officers in the navy, financial records, expense accounts for materials, seamen's pay, etc., the outstanding feature of interest and value is the information on the Confederate Marine Corps, of which there has been so little known. There are also records of the building of gunboats, the manufacture of ordnance, and other important activities of the Confederacy. Altogether, it is a most valuable find and will add largely to Confederate history.

Among these papers are some of the original orders to officers signed by the Secretary of the Confederate Navy, S. R. Mallory. And there is one dated November 11, 1861, at Coosahatchie, S. C., signed by "R. E. Lee, General Commanding," ordering Capt. Frank Buchannon to proceed to Savannah, Ga., and confer with Flag Officer Tattnall "as to the most expeditious and practicable mode of blocking up the channel leading toward Savannah, and whether any defenses can be thrown up to prevent the passage of the enemy through those channels."

The financial records show the tremendous jump in the prices of supplies between the beginning and the end of the war, a loaf of bread costing five cents at the beginning and one dollar at the end of the war; and other things taking equally high jumps.

MY MOTHERLAND.

My Motherland! My Motherland!
Though dust is on thy brow,
And sackcloth wraps thy beauteous form,
I love thee better now
Than when, arrayed in robes of power,
Thou sent'st thy legions forth
To battle with the hosts that poured
From out the mighty North.

My Motherland! My Motherland!
The stars that decked thy crown,
And luster shed o'er land and sea,
In gloomy night went down.
The flag is furled that led thy sons
'To victory or death;
And at thy feet lies withering
The victor's laurel wreath.

My Motherland! My Motherland!
Thy bravest and thy best
Beneath the sod their life-blood stained,
In dreamless slumber rest,
Thrice happy dead! They cannot hear
Thy low, sad wail of woe;
The taunts thy living sons must bear
They are not doomed to know.

My Motherland! My Motherland!
Their spirits whisper me,
And bid me in thy days of grief
Still closer cling to thee.
And though the hopes we cherished once
With them have found a grave,
I love thee yet, my Motherland—
The land they died to save.

—S. Newton Berryhill.

(S. Newton Berryhill, "the Backwoods Poet," was born in Choctaw County, Miss., in 1832, and died in that county in 1887. In 1875 he moved to Lowndes County and became editor of the *Columbus Dispatch*. He also held the office of county treasurer. He was a cripple and unable to serve in the Confederate army. His one volume of verse, under the title, "Backwoods Poems," was published in 1878.)

"GOD BLESS YOU, MY BRAVE BOYS."

(The following incident was related by the late Maj. John J. Hood, of Mississippi, and has been sent to the VETERAN by Mrs. Mollie H. Houston, of Meridian, Miss., as clipped from *Onward*, a publication of Richmond, Va.)

"On a beautiful Sabbath eve early in the war, Griffith's Brigade, with other soldiery, embarked at "Rockets," Richmond, for the Peninsula. The wharf was lined with soldiers on the eve of departure and citizens of the city eager to see friends and relatives. This brigade had just embarked and the vessel righted itself to move off. I noticed a carriage, rapidly driven, roll up, its occupants alighted hastily, and were soon upon the balcony of a building close by, and then, above the noise of the crowd, there rang out, clear and musical as a bugle blast, these thrilling, glorious words: 'God bless you, my brave boys; remember Mississippi.' The brigade and concourse of people recognized at once the ringing, eloquent voice of Mississippi's greatest son, the President of the Confederacy.

"The effect of those grand, thrilling, inspiring words was magical. For a moment I trembled for the safety of the vessel, as the electric rush of all the troops to one side threatened to swamp it; but it was speedily righted, and they moved up near the President, and with cheer after cheer called for a speech.

"And such an outburst of impassioned, inspired eloquence as it was; for half an hour the atmosphere was charged with the electricity of intellect and the sublimest, most fervid emotion of a patriotic soul.

"General Griffith was Mr. Davis's old adjutant at Buena Vista, where he had tried Mississippi's gallant sons before, where he had thrown them into the breach and saved General Taylor's army. He was a great favorite with Mr. Davis, and with him were many of the sons of his old followers in Mexico. Girding himself by the inspiring memories of the past that came crowding upon him as he progressed, he seemed to me a very demigod of eloquence.

"The brigade and concourse of people were charmed and enchanted as he played with the skill of an inspired mortal upon their passions and sympathies.

"The brigade then moved away, with a benediction of inspiration and love resting upon it. On many a hotly contested field, 'shot sown, and bladed thick with steel,' this brigade hallowed that remembrance with daring deed and blood and death."

STRENGTH OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

BY EDWARD CLIFFORD BRUSH, BROOKLINE, MASS.

In the VETERAN for February Thomas J. Arnold comments on the inaccuracy of Colonel Livermore's estimate of the strength of the Confederate army, as published in General Maurice's book, page 81. As a further comment on that estimate the following may be interesting:

Livermore, in his "Numbers and Losses," quoted by Dr. Randolph McKim in his "Numerical Strength of the Confederate Army," tells us that there were 2,234,000 individual enlistments in the Northern army. This number, through elaborate calculation, he cuts down to 1,556,778, as quoted by General Maurice; and, in comparison, he sets the Confederate strength at 1,082,119. If the 2,234,000 finally gets to 1,556,778, a like calculation would show 1,546,000 individual enlistments in the Confederate army, or 28% of the white population of five and one-half million.

Colonel Livermore also tells us that in the individual enlistments of 2,234,000 of the Federal army, there were 494,000 foreigners, 186,000 negroes, 86,000 Southern whites; total, 766,000.

Allowing that 36,000 of the negroes were resident in the nonseceding States, and counted in the census of 1860, and that they were free to enlist, the noncitizens serving in the Northern army would be 730,000, which sum, deducted from the 2,234,000, would show 1,504,000 soldier citizens of the nonseceding States, including recently enfranchised immigrants, or 6 1/2% of their twenty-three million inhabitants.

As early as May, 1862, the seceding States permanently lost to their opponents important territory, as follows: Southwest Virginia, Middle and West Tennessee, nearly all of Louisiana, part of Florida, and most of their seacoast, yet Livermore tells us that they raised 1,082,119 men for their own army and 86,000 for the army of their opponents, or 21% of their five and one-half million whites notwithstanding this depletion of territory. A War Department official in Washington has written that an estimate of 50,000 border States men in the Confederate army is about correct; de-

ducting these from the 1,168,119 would still show the impossible ratio of 20% of the population as soldiers.

The official returns of the Adjutant General of the Confederacy and of the Commissioner of Conscription captured on the evacuation of Richmond, and now in Washington, show 618,000 as the whole enlistments in the Confederate army, or 11% of the white population (127 War Records 963 and War Records, Series IV, Vol. III, page 1101).

If Colonel Livermore was satisfied with 2,234,000 individual Northern enlistments, which would be 9.7% of the population, including 730,000 noncitizens, it is not clear why he should strive to increase the Southern enlistments of 11%.

It was the inspiration of perfect knowledge in General Lee when he wrote: "It will be difficult to get the world to understand the odds against which we fought."

A SOLDIER'S DREAM

In an address made on Veterans' Day, January 5, 1925, at Cleveland, Tenn., Mrs. Leon D. Kirby, State Historian, Tennessee Division, U. D. C., gave the following unique incident as copied from the scrapbook of her uncle, the late Dr. J. R. Gildersleeve, and which was a part of the reminiscences of Dr. William H. Taylor, a Confederate surgeon. Dr. Taylor told this as follows:

"I remember with peculiar satisfaction an aerial slumber which I once enjoyed. One evening, while prowling through the Chicahominy swamps, I contrived, like Capt. John Smith, to get stuck in the mire and only with great difficulty extricated myself. I had lost my regiment, and night had overtaken me when I reached a house where a good many other stragglers had collected. Here I determined to stay till next morning. Surveying the premises, I beheld a very long plank placed across a fence, with one end of it on the ground and the other far away up in the air. Two or three of the stragglers had stretched themselves along the lower part of the plank, and it at once occurred to me that upper part would be an ideal resting place. A civilian would doubtless consider sleeping all night on a plank a foot wide without rolling off as something of an acrobatic feat; but this was an accomplishment very common among our soldiers, and I myself was proficient in it.

"It was the misfortune of a good many soldiers whose brains doubtless had become addled and their minds turned by the horrors of war to wake up in a very bewildered state. Under this deplorable affliction, they were incapable of distinguishing what belonged to themselves from what belonged to somebody else, and, consequently, were liable to walk off with anything in reach. It was always very necessary to provide against this intellectual aberration, and, in fact, this consideration was the predominant motive for my choice. Accordingly, I ascended the plank and deposited myself and property at the extreme upper end. It was a delightful situation, and the prospect, as viewed from this elevated station through the pitch-black darkness, was sufficiently charming. The air was free and abundant.

"Presently another straggler climbed up and placed himself below me with his head abutting against my feet. I bestowed a thought or two on Captain Smith and Pocahontas, and straightway went to sleep.

"Some little time after daybreak, while I was still sleeping, I was seized with a vivid idea that I was rushing down into the nethermost abysses of the earth, and, suddenly awaking, I found that there was a degree of truth in it. In reality, I had unconsciously placed myself at the upper end of a see-saw. The men at the down end had risen one by one, till all were

off, and the attraction of gravitation was doing the rest. Down I flew in a subjacent mudhole. It was very alarming, and there was a great splatter of mud, but no harm came of it, except that my immediate bed fellow, following close upon me and descending like thunder on my mouth, left my teeth quite shaky for a week or two afterwards.

"Whatever Sancho Panza, Macbeth, the doctors, or other authorities have said in praise of sleep will be heartily indorsed by the Confederate soldier. It was his one solace when sinking under cold and wet, fatigue and hunger, and, most intolerable of all, under forebodings, too-well grounded, of inevitable disaster. But awake, the soldier was a lion; and so I trust that those who yet think of our soldiers with tenderness will not disdain to hear me, who was only one of their nurses, as I tell my trivial story—recollected with some tears for earlier friends whom I saw fall asleep and who have been sleeping now these forty years or so—the story of how these lions slumbered."

THREE OLD CONFEDERATES.

The picture here given shows three old Confederate comrades of Texas several years ago, two of them having passed away since the picture was made. Hugh Allen Anderson (on left) and Irvine Earl Anderson (right) are brothers, and their devoted friend, R. W. Murchison, stands between them.

I. E. Anderson and R. W. Murchison, boyhood friends and chums, entered the Confederate service on December 1, 1861, both at twenty years of age. Their first duty was to supply beef for the army; later they went from the home neighborhood near Bexar, Tex., to Tarrant County and enlisted in Company A, of Gano's Texas Cavalry, which afterwards became the 3rd Kentucky Cavalry of John H. Morgan's command. They stayed together and fought side by side through the war until captured at Buffington's Island in July, 1863. They were taken to Camp Morton then to Camp Douglas and kept in prison until the end of the war. They returned home together, but several years later became separated when they married and went into business for themselves. I. E. Anderson settled on a farm in Selma County while R. W. Murchison went farther West and acquired a large cattle ranch, and they never saw each other again for forty years, their next meeting being at the home of H. A.



"THREE OLD CONFEDS."

Anderson, the younger brother, at Anson Tex., in the summer of 1920, when this picture was made.

"Uncle Bob" Murchison, as he was known all over Southwest Texas, died in May, 1923, in his eighty-third year, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. B. Silliman, at Abilene, Tex. His comrade, I. E. Anderson, is still living—at Waskom, Tex.—in his eighty-fifth year.

Hugh A. Anderson enlisted in the Confederate army in July, 1863, one month before he was seventeen years old, and served until the end of the war. In June, 1867, he went to work for the United States government, and helped to build forts at Buffalo Springs, Jacksboro, and other places for the protection of the settlers from the Indians. After a year in this work he went home and married Miss Mary Ellen Hamilton, February, 1869, settling on a farm near Selma. In November, 1890, he removed to Jones County, where he died October 20, 1922, at the age of seventy-six.

All three of these old Confederates had passed through stirring experiences with Indians during their boyhood days.

[Contributed by Leila Anderson, daughter of H. A. Anderson.]

BATTLE OF SHILOH, TENN.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

Eighty-two of our officers, including the commanding general, died consequent to the battle of Shiloh, Tenn., to accomplish nothing more than a partial victory. If, however, the commander had been spared, they would not have died in vain, as there is no doubt in the world that Grant's immediate army would have been annihilated before Buell could possibly have come to his aid.

The following list will show that Tennessee lost twenty-three officers, Arkansas, fourteen; Kentucky, thirteen; Mississippi and Louisiana, eight each; Texas, five; Alabama, three; Florida, two; Georgia, one; Regulars, one; three staff and one general officer.

One general, two adjutants general, one aide, one chaplain, one gunner, one cavalry, and seventy-five infantrymen.

GENERAL OFFICER.

Albert Sidney Johnston.

STAFF.

Edward Ingraham, major, aide to Gen. Earl Van Dorn.

Benjamin King, assistant adjutant general to Gen. Daniel Ruggles.

Thomas W. Preston, captain, assistant adjutant general to Gen. A. P. Stewart.

REGULAR SERVICE.

William D. Davis, captain, 2nd Confederate.

ALABAMA.

Robert B. Armistead, major, 22nd Alabama Regiment.

W. R. D. McKenzie, captain, 19th Alabama Regiment.

William Patton, lieutenant, Company C, 16th Alabama Regiment.

ARKANSAS.

L. C. Bartlett, lieutenant, Company C, 1st Arkansas Regiment.

Thomas B. Bateman, lieutenant, 8th Arkansas.

John M. Dean, lieutenant colonel, 7th Arkansas.

C. J. Deshazo, third lieutenant, 7th Arkansas.

M. A. Duckworth, second lieutenant, Company K, 9th Arkansas.

J. T. Gibson, captain, Company H, 1st Arkansas.

A. D. Grayson, lieutenant colonel, 13th Arkansas.

J. T. Harris, major, 15th Arkansas.

John E. Irvine, third lieutenant, Company D, 7th Arkansas.

J. C. McCauley, captain, 7th Arkansas.

Jesse T. McMahan, captain, 1st Arkansas.

H. W. Murphy, captain, 13th Arkansas.

A. K. Patton, lieutenant colonel, 15th Arkansas.

John B. Thompson, lieutenant colonel, 1st Arkansas.

FLORIDA.

L. N. Anderson, first lieutenant, 1st Florida Battalion.

O. P. Hull, lieutenant, Company D, 1st Florida Battalion.

GEORGIA.

J. J. Jacobus, lieutenant, Washington (Ga.) Artillery.

KENTUCKY.

M. E. Aull, lieutenant, 6th Kentucky.

W. W. Bagby, lieutenant, 6th Kentucky.

John Bagwell, lieutenant, 3rd Kentucky.

William Bell, adjutant, 5th Kentucky.

C. C. Dooley, lieutenant, 2nd Kentucky.

J. M. Emerson, captain, 3rd Kentucky.

S. T. Forman, adjutant, 4th Kentucky.

W. Lee Harned, captain, 6th Kentucky.

William G. Mitchell, captain, 5th Kentucky.

Thomas B. Monroe, Jr., major, 4th Kentucky.

James M. Pearce, captain, 3rd Kentucky.

W. J. N. Welborn, major, 7th Kentucky.

— White, acting lieutenant, 3rd Kentucky.

LOUISIANA.

A. P. Avegno, major, 13th Louisiana.

G. H. Graham, captain, Crescent Regiment.

J. T. Hilliard, captain, Company I, 4th Louisiana, "Hunter Rifles."

E. C. Holmes, lieutenant, 4th Louisiana.

M. Leverett, lieutenant, Company D, 19th Louisiana.

W. R. MacBeth, first lieutenant, Company B, Confederate Guards, Response Battalion.

Thomas S. Pierce, lieutenant, 11th Louisiana.

C. E. Tooraen, captain, 4th Louisiana, "West Feliciana Rifles."

MISSISSIPPI.

R. J. Armstrong, captain, 5th Mississippi.

T. C. K. Bostick, captain, 5th Mississippi.

D. L. Herron, lieutenant colonel, 44th Mississippi.

— Hughes, captain, Company D, 3rd Mississippi Battalion.

R. H. Humphreys, captain, 44th Mississippi.

R. H. McNair, captain, Company E, 3rd Mississippi Battalion.

William A. Rankin, lieutenant colonel, 9th Mississippi.

M. L. Wells, chaplain, 9th Mississippi.

TENNESSEE.

J. A. Akers, second lieutenant, Company E, 2nd Tennessee.

Humphrey Bate, captain, Company K, 2nd Tennessee.

E. M. Cheairs, captain, Company K, 154th Tennessee.

W. F. Cowan, second lieutenant, Company D, 13th Tennessee.

E. R. Cryer, first lieutenant, Company H, 2nd Tennessee.

William R. Doak, major, 2nd Tennessee.

Jo B. Freeman, captain, 6th Tennessee.

Confederate Veteran.

A. L. Gaines, captain, Company C, 22nd Tennessee.
 A. C. Hanner, captain, Company A, 5th Tennessee.
 John C. Harris, adjutant, 33rd Tennessee.
 J. G. Hearn, captain, 27th Tennessee.
 F. W. Henry, lieutenant, 27th Tennessee.
 J. F. Henry, major, 4th Tennessee.
 G. H. Jackson, lieutenant, 12th Tennessee.
 Samuel T. Love, major, 27th Tennessee.
 G. G. Person, captain, 6th Tennessee.
 B. H. Sandford, captain, 12th Tennessee.
 Samuel A. Sayle, captain, 27th Tennessee.
 John Sutherland, captain, 4th Tennessee.
 Robert Thomas, adjutant, 9th Tennessee.
 John Tyree, captain, Company I, 2nd Tennessee.
 C. H. Whitmore, lieutenant, Company A, 13th Tennessee.
 Christopher H. Williams, colonel, 27th Tennessee.

TEXAS.

B. Brooks, captain, 2nd Texas.
 J. J. Dickson, captain, Company I, 9th Texas.
 Godolphus C. Fugett, second lieutenant, Company D, 2nd Texas.

Samuel W. Hamil, lieutenant, Company F, 9th Texas.
 J. C. Lowe, lieutenant, Company A, 8th Texas Cavalry.

But the unluckiest officer of all was Lieut. John Crowley, of Company F, 11th Alabama, who, after losing his right arm at Belmont, Mo., in December, 1861, had his left torn off in this, to him, certainly most melancholy affair.

THE SURRENDER GROUNDS AT APPOMATTOX.

BY L. CRAWLEY, PRINCIPAL AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL, APPOMATTOX, VA.

No doubt many Confederate veterans now living were at Appomattox on the eventful day of April 9, 1865. Thousands of school children and other citizens have heard about the old place, now in ruins, but perhaps few of them really know what kind of a place it is and what is now contemplated for the permanent markings of the historic points of interest. While hundreds of tourists visit it annually, few realize the keen interest and reverence by which the spot is still held in the hearts and minds of the Southern people.

The surrender grounds are twenty-two miles east of Lynchburg, connected by a hard surface road practically all the way, and only nine miles from Concord, to which place General Lee was aiming to go to get supplies for his army at the time of the surrender. A spur of this highway from New Appomattox leads directly to and traverses the old Courthouse grounds, it being the same old red Richmond road along which General Lee was leading his hungry and fragmentary forces to meet the overpowering foe. At the foot of the hill runs the Appomattox River, beyond whose waters were the headquarters of the Southern forces; while those of General Grant were established on the south side toward the present railroad station, about two miles away. This part of the old Richmond road has now become a part of the Virginia highway system and extends on to Buckingham Courthouse, thence to Washington, etc. Thus visitors may reach the battle field directly from the north, south, east, or west.

Once every year the Appomattox Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy meets on the surrender grounds and holds appropriate exercises in memory of the many who were killed at the time of the surrender, or who died of hunger and disease. On the brow of a hill close to

and in sight of the old courthouse and the famous McLean house, the bodies of many of the dead were buried, and while the names of none ever have been known, these graves, about twenty in number, are marked with tablets, and along with them there is one marked as a Union soldier, to which reference is always made when any kind of public celebration is held. This cemetery is inclosed with an iron fence and is kept in order by the local Chapter, U. D. C., by means of a small appropriation made annually by the State legislature. Just at this writing, the Chapter is planning further improvement in the way of beautifying the grounds by planting shrubbery, hedges, and sowing grass to make a permanent sod. The grounds so improved cover less than a half acre.

As to the remainder of the historic grounds, it to-day is in a heap of ruins and with piles of débris, which reminds one of a deserted village. Several metal tablets mark the supposed spots of historic interest, most of which are read by many tourists as they visit the place throughout the entire year. Last year it is estimated that about three thousand people visited these grounds as sight-seers, viewing the spots of interest. One tablet marks Lee's headquarters, another marks that of General Grant, while nine in number point the visitor to the various points of history which took place in or about the Courthouse on, or just before, the eventful morning of April 9.

The old apple tree has caused many inquiries. It is now generally conceded that the historic apple tree was entirely demolished before the soldiers left. It is alleged that it was dug up by the roots and soldiers took parts thereof as souvenirs of the last day of the Confederacy. This spot is also marked by one of the tablets.

The old courthouse was burned about twenty-five years ago, and then the county seat was moved to the railroad station about two miles south, around which now there is a growing little town of about a thousand inhabitants. The same old inn, the same old clerk's office, the same old jail, clustered in the same old locust grove, still stands as landmarks to bemoan the last days of the Southern cause.

Perhaps one of the most interesting heaps of ruins is the place where the famous McLean house stood, within whose walls the terms of surrender were made and signed. The yard and foundation of this house is now a vast thicket grown up in briars and bushes and present a most ghastly appearance. Several years ago the house was torn down to be carried to the World's Exposition, but for some reason, needless to mention, the material was never moved off the spot. While this property was owned by the McLeans at that time, it has changed ownership several times since. The McLeans came to Appomattox during the war from Manassas, they having suffered from the battle that took place at that point, and moved farther south to live. It so happened that the ruins of war followed them, since it was in their own home the war culminated. After the war the McLean family moved back to Manassas.

There is only one public monument at the surrender grounds. About twenty years ago this monument was constructed and unveiled by the State of North Carolina. It is located several hundred yards off the highway, is surrounded by a thicket of pine trees, and with difficulty it is located by a visitor. The late Governor Glenn, of North Carolina, with his staff, visited Appomattox at the time and dedicated this monument to the valor of the North Carolina soldier. The inscription on it should be known by every schoolboy and girl in that State, as it is conceded that troops from North Carolina were brave and courageous fighters. A part of the inscription reads:

"FIRST AT BETHEL
FURTHEST FRONT AT GETTYSBURG,
LAST AT APPOMATTOX."

The monument is modest in structure. The base is about ten feet square, four to six feet high, and is of gray glazed granite and stands alone to pay reverence and everlasting tribute to the "Tar Heel" soldier, than whom there were few greater.

It would be interesting to quote some of the sayings of those who were present during those momentous times, a very few of whom are now living. History well narrates the leading facts and consequences which center in and about these historic grounds. A few of our ante-bellum negro citizens and still fewer of the veterans of the war now survive. Local tradition relates there is a well filled with old muskets. Report has it that instead of stacking arms, some of the surviving companies actually filled the well with their fighting weapons. Some say that General Lee had a riding switch which was planted in the soil, and that now a tree stands as a living testimony to the truth of the assertion; while others assert that the bridle bit of General Lee's horse was kept, and doubtless many a tourist has bought it believing it to be the real article. Even the nail upon which General Lee hung his hat when he entered the famous room has been a matter of much conjecture. The writer, however, can give no authenticity to such reports, especially as numerous nails have been sold off, and there could possibly have been but one.

Thus the ruins of Appomattox still stand. Perhaps two or three farmhouses can be seen in the distance, and as one passes through the deserted groves he is not deeply impressed with the true significance of the place. Little does he feel that here ended the struggle of the States, or here was cemented a strong fortress of States never to be torn asunder.

Notwithstanding all of this importance, no attempt has been made hitherto to so mark the place with suitable designs to which generations yet unborn, both from North and South, may go and see at a glance what happened at Appomattox.

To this end, the business men of the immediate section, through the local Chamber of Commerce, have instigated a move to construct a shrine on the battle fields of the "Old Surrender Grounds." Through its committee in charge, consisting of State Senator S. L. Ferguson, Rev. E. E. Dudley, and Hon. A. H. Clement, the attention of Congress has been called, and United States Senator C. A. Swanson, of Virginia, has offered a bill in the United States Senate providing for a commission to inspect the site and make a report of what should be done to properly mark, or beautify, the ruins of old Appomattox. The commission, according to the bill, will consist of a chief engineer, appointed by the War Department, and one Federal veteran and one Confederate veteran. The bill provides for an appropriation of \$3,000 for this commission.

School children of other States, or others who may want to see pictures, or know more about old Appomattox may write to me, and I will furnish all available information gratis.

. AN ACTIVE VETERAN.—One of the few Confederate veterans now holding office in Tennessee is J. N. Hyder, constable of the Nineteenth District of Putnam County. "Uncle Nelson," as he is known by all the people of the county, is eighty-three years old, but is still an active and efficient officer. He has served as constable for more than twenty years. He was a soldier of Dibrell's command. His address is Algood, Tenn.

INCIDENTS OF NAVAL SERVICE.

BY CAPT. JAMES H. TOMB, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

When our troops fell back from Columbus, Ky., to Island No. 10, Commodore Hollins, C. S. N., was in command of some four gunboats sent up from New Orleans to hold the position at New Madrid, Mo., to prevent General Pope from crossing the river below Island No. 10 and cutting off all communication from below, or of troops and supplies passing to that point. The McRae was the flagship, and there was the Livingston, the Polk, the Ivy, and one other, and these were in position along the river in front of New Madrid and commanded all approaches to that place. There were some 2,500 troops with some light guns behind a line of entrenchments made mostly of sacks of corn and earth, and, without the guns of the gunboats, would have been taken by General Pope, who, with a large force, was a short distance back of New Madrid. Some of the officers thought the gunboats would be of better service at the forts below New Orleans, as Farragut was thought to be about ready to make the attempt to pass the forts, and the position at Island No. 10 was so they could not take it. Commodore Hollins left for New Orleans on the Ivy, Captain Fry, and we got the information also that two of the Federal ironclads had passed the batteries at Island No. 10, and others were to follow. As most of the Federal ships were ironclads of superior armament in every way to our gunboats, it was decided to take all guns, stores, munitions, and troops aboard the gunboats and proceed to Fort Pillow, some distance below, and leave them at that point. The McRae, Polk, Livingston, and Maurepas and one other proceeded on down the river, the McRae to New Orleans and the others to different points, as the Federal fleet of ironclads and gunboats had reached a point a short distance above Fort Pillow, and Island No. 10 was taken. Fort Pillow was a strong position and it was thought they could not pass it, but, as time disclosed, they did pass it.

While we were at New Madrid and the ship under banked fires, the senior engineer of the McRae, an Englishman by birth and a most arbitrary and disagreeable person named Brock, made a study of "Naval Regulations When in Face of the Enemy," and decided it was in order for an engineer, while on duty under banked fires, to remain in the engine and fireroom all the watch and do no reading.

One of the oilers of our department returned from shore leave with a fine pig and reported to the officer of the deck that the pig had made an attack on him and he had to kill it. Hendricks requested permission of me to place it in the fire-room, as it was reported Pope was going to attack the position. Brock, the senior engineer in charge, saw the pig in the fireroom, and asked Hendricks who it belonged to, and he, thinking it best, said it was ours. Brock gave him orders to throw the pig in the furnace, and as all his orders must be carried out, the pig went into the furnace and we lost our pork chops. A short time after the pig left us, I came into the engine room a few minutes before my watch, as I had to relieve him, and saw him put a large volume in the desk. When he left, I took it out, called up Hendricks from the fireroom and asked him if it was his book, and when he said it was not, I told him to put the book where he had put the pig and be quick about it, as Mr. Brock ordered no books or pigs about the engine or fireroom. Hendricks went down the ladder to the fire room so fast he came near striking the floor plate, and the force behind the book was so great that if there had been no back to the furnace it would have reached Columbus, Ky.

Brock returned in a short time for his book, and, not finding

it in the desk, asked me if I had seen it. I said yes, I had found it in the desk and, remembering his orders about books, had asked Hendricks if he knew who it belonged to, and as he did not know, I told him to put it where he put the pig, as I intended to follow his orders. The volume was one of Lieutenant Fisk's, and how Brock got out of it, I never found out; but it was a topic in the board room for the officers for some time—and Brock left off his study of the Regulations.

Another incident was in connection with a piano. There was a frame building standing right in line with the main road leading into New Madrid, in which no one was living, and the commanding officer gave orders to burn it, as it was a protection to any advance that might be made by Pope. The officer found a piano in the house and took it out, and, as he could find no owner for it, decided to ship it down the river. Before doing so, he found quite a lot of treasonable matter inside of the piano, showing that the owner was giving information of our forces to General Pope. Shortly after the piano went down the river, two ladies came to the officer and claimed it. The officer said it was sent down the river, yet if it was theirs they should have it, but there was a lot of treasonable matter found in the piano and it would be necessary to hold them for an investigation. Then they decided it was not their piano, much to the relief of the officer, who was not sure of its destination.

Special Orders of Major General Jones to Chief Engineer Tomb, C. S. N., Charleston, S. C., November 22, 1864.

J. H. Tomb, Chief Engineer, C. S. N., having reported to these headquarters in obedience to instructions of Flag Officer Tucker, will proceed without delay to Augusta, Ga., and carry into execution the special instruction given him by the Major General commanding.

CHARLES S. STRINGFELLOW,
Assistant Adjutant General.

These orders were to blow up the Oconee River bridge between Atlanta and Augusta, as it was thought Sherman would strike Augusta before marching on Savannah. I was detained at Augusta longer than I should have been on account of not obtaining the necessary parts for the mines or torpedoes. We left Augusta with a large army wagon containing the explosives and an escort of six men, also Major Dixon and Sergeant Brown. Arriving at a small place, Mayfield, a few miles this side of the bridge, the heavy wagon got stuck in a small stream. I sent the guard ahead in the direction of the bridge to see if it was clear, as there was a report that some of the enemy was between the river and Atlanta. As the escort never came back, I decided they had been captured by Kilpatrick's cavalry, who had crossed the bridge that morning, and I decided to get out of the main road as soon as I could and return to Augusta. The four mules could not pull the wagon out of the branch, so I sent Sergeant Brown up to the station to secure a couple of mules to pull us out; but he came back and said they would not let him have a mule. I went back with him, and the man had very little to say, but his wife was the limit, and told me I was "no better than Wheeler's Cavalry," who took all the fodder and drank all the buttermilk, and she wanted me to understand that Governor Brown of Georgia was a bigger man than Jeff Davis. I could say or do nothing to her, and waited for him to say something, but he did not. There was a bright looking darky near me, who had a bridle in his hand, so I told him if he did not have two mules there in ten minutes I would make it hot for him—and I got the mules in short order. The woman was hot, as I took the boy along

with the mules to help drive them, and got back to Augusta in a few days.

I was impressed with the good service of the negroes on the farms and plantations in South Carolina and Georgia. All the male members of the families were in the army and just the women folk at home, the overseer was a negro and took care of everything, and there was every confidence and good feeling between them. I did not hear of one disagreeable act in all the years of the war, and it was wonderful.

We were short of rations as we returned to Augusta and would stop at a farmhouse to fill up. Major Dixon was a diplomat and could make a favorable impression on a woman. As we came to a log cabin, he asked the lady if she could let us have a meal, and we would pay for it. She said: "I have nothing but corn bread and bacon." There were two boys about ten years old seated on a log chewing sugar cane, and one of them had bright red hair. Dixon looked at me and remarked: "Tomb, that is a bright boy." "Yes," I said, "he has something in him." At this the lady came to the door and said: "Gentlemen, if you will wait, I will fry you a chicken and give you some coffee." That was Dixon.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, VIRGINIA.

A red-haired, healthy-looking youth, with hazel-gray eyes, prominent cheek bones, and a heavy chin, was known as "Inquisitive" Thomas Jefferson, because of his delight in asking questions and persisting until they were answered.

It was the same tenacity of purpose and love of controversy that characterized him as a child that aided the thirty-two-year-old Jefferson in writing the Declaration of Independence, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of which will be commemorated by the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition, which will open in Philadelphia on June 1.

He was born in Virginia on April 13, 1743, the third child of the family. When he came of age in 1764, he was the wealthiest, one of the best educated, and certainly the most conspicuous young man in Albemarle County.

He recognized and assumed the responsibilities of his position and within a few months was elected to two of his father's offices—justice of the peace and vestryman of the parish. He writes of himself that the passions of his soul were music, mathematics, and architecture.

Jefferson was proficient in natural sciences and was versed in anatomy, civil engineering, physics, mechanics, meteorology, astronomy, architecture, and botany. Such was his knowledge of various subjects that he was considered a monument of learning.

According to his biographer, William Eleroy Curtis, in "The True Thomas Jefferson," the author of the Declaration of Independence was the father of fast mails, having arranged while Secretary of State to have mails transported at the rate of one hundred miles a day, then considered an extremely rapid pace; author of the coinage system, the Mint in Philadelphia having been established at his recommendation; and the ablest politician that this country had produced.

His public life covered a period of sixty-one years. He was actually in office thirty-nine years. Among other offices which he held, he was elected to Congress in 1781 and again in 1783. In 1784 he was sent as minister to France. He was inaugurated Vice President in 1796, and was elected President in 1800 and served until March 4, 1809.



COMRADES OF WALKER-M'REA CAMP, SEARCY, ARK.

THE WALKER-MCRAE CAMP, U. C. V.

BY BENTON CYPERT, SEARCY, ARK.

The Walker-McRae Camp, No. 687 U. C. V. was organized in 1895 at Gum Springs, near Searcy, Ark., with about seventy-five charter members, most of whom were citizens of White County. Capt. John C. McCauley and Capt. Ben C. Black were elected Commander and Adjutant, respectively. The second meeting of the Camp was held at Centerhill, about ten miles west of Searcy. Afterwards Searcy was made the Camp's permanent home, reunions being held here in August of every year. The membership at one time reached nearly one hundred and fifty, but now consists of only twenty-three. The Camp was originally named Camp Walker, in honor of L. M. Walker, a Confederate brigadier general and a native of Missouri, who was killed in a duel with General Marmaduke, in Pulaski County, during the Little Rock campaign in 1863. This was the last duel ever fought in Arkansas.

When General McRae died in 1899, the Camp name was changed to Walker-McRae, as General McRae was White County's only general and a citizen of Searcy. He was a native of Alabama, and, after graduating at the University of South Carolina, he came to Arkansas and settled at Searcy in 1849, where he practiced law. At the beginning of the war he raised a battalion and later a regiment. His service was mostly in Arkansas. He distinguished himself at Pea Ridge and Prairie Grove, and rose to rank of brigadier general.

Col. Robert W. Chriss succeeded Captain McCauley as Commander of Camp Walker-McRae. The next Commander was Dr. John H. Dye, who held this position until he became State Commander. Again Colonel Chriss was chosen commander, and was followed by Judge A. Neelly in 1918, who served until 1923, when he advised the Camp that it was an honor due Colonel Chriss to elect him permanent Commander, as the colonel was one of the original organizers and the oldest member of the Camp. Colonel Chriss is also probably the oldest citizen of White County, being now ninety-one years of age. He is still hale and hearty and actively engaged in farming pursuits. He is a native of Gibson County, Tenn., and played a prominent part in the battle of Shiloh. He has served several terms in the Arkansas

legislature and as county judge of White County. Another distinguished member of the Camp still living is Dr. John H. Dye. Besides having been State Commander of Arkansas U. C. V., he is an eminent minister and is the only member now living of the original trustees of Vanderbilt University. He once served as head of the Arkansas School for the Blind and was president of Galloway College at Searcy for a number of years.

Judge A. Neelly, who has served as Commander and who is now Adjutant of the Camp, is one of the two now living who were in General Price's border rangers. The other is W. M. Owen, of Bald Knob, Ark., who is also a member of Camp Walker-McRae. Union sentiment was strong in White County when the war clouds began to gather, yet White County furnished more troops for the Confederacy than any other county in Arkansas. Also, there is no record of any Union soldier going out from White County. The Walker-McRae Camp sponsored the erection of a Confederate monument at Searcy, which was dedicated to the Confederate soldiers of White County in April, 1917, a few days after the United States had declared war against Germany.

BELOVED DAUGHTER OF THE CONFEDERACY.

In the death of Mrs. Juan Rayner, of Pueblo, Colo., on March 21, 1925, one of the most active and interested workers among the U. D. C. of the West was lost to the organization. She organized the Nathan B. Forrest Chapter, No. 1501 U. D. C., served as its President, also as President of the Colorado Division for two years, and was Honorary President of both Chapter and Division at the time of her death. She was also President of the Colorado Pioneer's Association and prominent in other associations and movements for public good; and she was the oldest living charter member of Holy Trinity Church of Pueblo. She is survived by her husband, three daughters, and a son.

In the memorial resolutions passed by her Chapter, it was resolved "that we may emulate her example by renewed diligence in the work and thereby, in some measure, fill the vacancy made by the passing of our beloved friend."

IN THE DAYS OF HOMESPUN DRESSES.

BY MRS. S. F. WILLIAMS, MANSFIELD, LA.

Every Southern woman of the present day who lived during the period of the sixties remembers the days of hardship, of ruined homes, and of bleeding hearts—when the women of the South, whose husbands and sons were in the army, never knew what a day would bring forth of suffering and danger. More than a half century has passed, and it would seem that time and circumstances would have healed the wounds in our hearts. Time is a balm for many ills and has doubtless had its softening effect, but the scars will remain for generations to come. Death alone can obliterate the memory of the long, bitter struggle when the South was arrayed against such overwhelming numbers, contending for her rights, asking nothing more; when the invading army of the North swept over our land, burning and plundering, destroying everything before them and trampling our most sacred rights under their unhallowed feet. Magnificent homes were laid in ashes, property stolen or confiscated, and scores of families stripped of everything—silver, family jewels, wearing apparel, bed linen, blankets, in fact, everything that wicked, greedy eyes rested upon that could be carried away by the marauders. This is not a fancy sketch, and what I shall write is true, real happenings, to which the aged writer, then a slip of a girl, was an eyewitness, and in most of them had a small part.

My two brothers enlisted in the Confederate army early in the struggle, which left us a large family of women and children only, without any protection except the negroes, who, I will say to their praise and credit, were loyal to us to the end, evincing no disposition to rebel or to be unruly. On the contrary, they went about their work quietly and contentedly till the war closed and they were given their freedom by their owners.

The night before the battle at Fort Henry, on the Tennessee River, was dark and stormy, rain pouring in torrents, the wind whistling and howling. In the worst of it, a messenger dismounted from his horse and came in the house, dripping and cold. He had a message from our brother at Fort Henry that we must get to a place of safety at once, as gun-boats were in sight and an attack was hourly expected. We lived on the main road, and stragglers from each army were liable to pass that way.

Well, we got busy, you may be sure, and there was not much sleep for us that night. Everybody had to go, provision had to be made for the negroes, as well as ourselves, and it was no small matter to get things ready to take with us, as well as to make everything safe to be left. But early next morning we were ready to be off, white and black, great and small, and, like Abraham of old, "to journey we knew not whither." We were quite a formidable-looking company, on horseback, in wagons, and in buggies. The firing began at Fort Henry soon after we left home, and we heard the heavy cannonading all that day; but it grew more indistinct as we moved on.

After traveling several days, stopping at night to ask a night's lodging of any who would take us in, we divided our forces and secured board near Centerville, Tenn., in the hills, so remote from human ken that a sheriff with blood hounds would have looked a long time before finding us. We remained there two weeks, or longer, which is all a blank to me. I was quite sick with measles, and very uncomfortable. They called in an old-fashioned doctor who said by no means to let me have water, and I was almost consumed with thirst. Well, I hope the old man went to heaven in spite of his

ignorance. The news of the surrender of Fort Donelson and Fort Henry was a great shock to us. The rumor was that every man was dead in the trenches or a prisoner.

We prepared at once to return home and were in great suspense and anxiety about our brothers. The good people who had taken us to board were glad to see the last of us, I am sure. We had nearly eaten them out of house and home. However, everything was not exhausted, and, as a last resort, we attacked the year's crop of peanuts. "Goobers," they were called up there. I have never liked the pesky things since.

On reaching home we found that nothing had been molested. Mother's bachelor brother, who lived in Paris, Tenn., had been there taking care of the place. Some one had notified him of our absence. We were frightened out of our wits by the first Yankees we saw at close range; but we soon found that they wouldn't bite. We never for once concealed our real feelings about the war. One little incident I must mention, which happened later. It was the day we had news of the fall of Vicksburg. For two days the weather was so peculiar, almost like an eclipse of the sun, so strange and gloomy it seemed to portend something dreadful. It was not fog nor mist, but the whole earth was wrapped in gloom, and continued so until we were ready to jump at the least noise. Some Federal officers whom we knew right well were coming through the lane, and our mother was so deeply distressed about Vicksburg she said: "Now, girls, if those Yankees crow over me, I am going to order them out, if they burn the house down." They seemed to understand our feeling and tried to be pleasant. As they were leaving, mother told them of her threat, and they laughed heartily. One of them said: "O, we saw in your eye that it would never do."

One result of the war was exorbitant prices in dry goods, and scarcity as well. Even calico was far beyond our means, consequently we had to spin and weave every yard of goods we wore. We had a special room for our work, detached from the house, and from morning till night our spinning wheels made constant music. O, how I did hate it; I detested the very sight of that spinning wheel; but it had to be done, or go without dresses, so of the two evils—I spun. That was one among the many hardships we had to endure. The loom was kept busy also, and as the shuttle, in the hands of the weaver, flew in and out, the loom seemed to be saying, "My country, 'tis of thee—'tis of thee—sweet land of liberty, liber-tee." Just one thread at a time, O, how slow it was, and how long it took one thread in a place to make a yard. But after a while, by hard licks and determination, we had yards and yards and yards of blue and white checks, brown and white checks, tan and blue checks, every kind of checks but bank checks. And, girls, you well-groomed girls of today, you will not believe it, but our homespun dresses were pretty.

Occasionally we had some kind of excitement to vary the monotony, which brightened up for the time our humdrum life, and we had our fun too. The guerrillas made frequent daring raids in that part of the country. We had a real skirmish once that furnished us excitement for one day. It was early in the fall, when the land was being plowed for wheat. Three of the negro men were in great peril for a little while. A regiment of Yankees was retreating from Pine Bluff, on the Tennessee River, where Forrest's cavalry had attacked and routed them. They had to pass that field in their march, just as a company of rebel cavalry dashed down on them from the hills, right through that field. The negroes had presence of mind to take the horses loose from the plow

and run to the hills. In a few minutes the shooting was in every direction. Some of the Confederates had dismounted and were shooting through the yard. One of them told our mother to call her children and get to a place of safety, that they could not avoid firing from the yard, and we were in danger. In the "round up," for there were ten in all, I was left out, while the others went to the woods. A Confederate surgeon ran in the house and ordered me to get ready for some wounded men and to make some bandages for him. I began to search everywhere for something I could afford to tear up, and for the life of me I thought I should never find anything, and the surgeon following me from room to room. But after all, they were *our* wounded, so I snatched up a sheet and tore strips till he said that would do.

There were eight or ten brought in, some mortally wounded, and four of them died in a few hours. The surgeon then said I must make a yellow flag to hang in front to protect the wounded and the house, so he and I sat down on the grass in the back yard, and he furnished the goods and I made the flag. After he hung it over the porch, he left; the rest of the family still had not returned to the house, and I was there alone with the dead and dying. There was nothing I could do for them but give them water. O, how I wished there was some one in the house. I was only a girl of fourteen and so little accustomed to death.

In the meantime, the skirmishing continued, the Federals retreating until they reached the nearest house by the side of the road, that of our good neighbor, Anderson Sexton. Here they took refuge where they could fire on the Confederates from the windows. They were so enraged that, as they rushed into the house, they murdered Mr. Sexton in cold blood, with his wife and children gathered around him, begging for his life. Not satisfied with that, they ransacked the house and destroyed everything they could find. Mr. Sexton had just made a barrel of cane syrup for winter use, and they poured this all over the cotton that was stored in one room for safe keeping.

Such vandalism is without a parallel. It shows how black and how desperately wicked the heart of man is when he sells himself to do evil.

The Confederates gave up the fight after the Yankees took refuge in the house. They would not fire on the house, so in a short time order was restored in our house and the family had returned. But we were destined to have more excitement that day.

That afternoon, about three o'clock, a whole regiment of Yankees came out from Fort Donelson, armed to the teeth, to take as prisoners those wounded men who were left with us. Ordinarily, our mother was not afraid of anything, but it must go down in history that she showed the white feather that day. Seeing that regiment of men, looking so threatening, with their sabers rattling, she, with all the others, found safety again in the woods. I determined to stay with those poor, helpless fellows that I might possibly be some protection. As the commanding officer, the colonel, I suppose, entered the hall, where two of the wounded men were lying, stretched on the floor, he maliciously stepped over one who was near the door, and I thought, struck him with his foot. He was desperately wounded and bleeding profusely. I said: "Please be careful not to step on that man." Drawing his sword from its scabbard, he glared at me like he would love to run me through with it, and, advancing to where I stood with my back against the wall, he stood with drawn sword in his hand while he asked me all about the fight, and seemed to think we had something to do with it. He looked so ferocious I became alarmed, and, seeing my confusion, another officer

laid a hand on his arm, and said: "Come; you have asked her enough questions." I think he was a gentleman.

But the worst was yet to come. My oldest brother, surgeon of the 9th Tennessee Regiment, had resigned his commission on account of ill health, and was at home to recuperate. He was out deer hunting during all the excitement, and rode up with a shot gun on his shoulder knowing nothing of what had taken place. The infuriated Yankees, believing him to be one of the Confederates who attacked them, arrested him at once, and we thought they were going to mob him. His life was in great peril for a while, but after taking him to Fort Donelson and trying him before superior officers, he was liberated. They threatened to burn our house, but several months previous to this time, a relative of ours who was in the Federal army, had secured some kind of papers from the general at headquarters for our protection. One of the prisoners named Yates, was so severely wounded that my brother, although a prisoner too, examined the wound, with the Federal surgeon, and said the leg ought to come off at once; but the other said no, they would put him in the ambulance with the others, and attend to his leg later. We begged that he might stay until he was better able to stand the trip; but he had to go. Two days later, my brother was sent for to assist in amputating poor Yates's leg. Brother said, "It is too late; he will die," but they operated, and he lived only a few hours. Gangrene had set in. He was a fine specimen of manhood, and doubtless a brave soldier, sacrificed because they didn't care to save him.

If I could go back to the old home, which long since passed into other hands, and step into the room where some of those brave men suffered and died, I should doubtless see the dark, livid stains on the floor where their precious life blood poured out, for it is said that the stain of human blood can never be washed out. The stains are there, silent reminders of the tragic end, and lasting reminders of the cause which those brave men loved to the end. .

"O, if there be on this earthly sphere
A boon, an offering heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause."

OLD TREES.

BY COL. W. L. TIMBERLAKE, CRICHTON, ALA.

Old trees! old trees! in your mystic gloom
There's many a warrior laid,
And many a nameless and lonely tomb
Is sheltered beneath your shade.
Old trees! old trees! without pomp or prayer
We buried the brave and the true,
We fired a volley and left them there
To rest, old trees, with you.

Old trees! old trees! keep watch and ward
Over each grass-grown bed;
'Tis a glory, old trees, to stand as guard
Over our Southern dead;
Old trees! old trees! we shall pass away
Like the leaves you yearly shed,
But ye, lone sentinels, still must stay,
Old trees, to guard "our dead."

Confederate Veteran.

THE OLD ARSENAL AT FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

BY MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON, HISTORIAN, N. C. DIVISION, U. D. C.

Away back in 1838, the United States government began the building of an arsenal at Fayetteville, N. C., which was a number of years in construction. The corner stone was laid with grand ceremonials on April 19, 1838. The arsenal occupied one hundred acres of a beautiful plateau on Haymont, the residential suburb of the historic town of Fayetteville and was composed of a group of handsome houses, with a tower of stone at the corner of each quadrangle, these being unexposed woodwork. A great wall, eight feet in height, with a splendid gateway, which gave a view of beautiful lawns, made it a most attractive place. This spot was kept by a skilled gardener, with the result that the grounds were the admiration of all Fayettevillians. Within the arsenal were magazines for storing powder, bombs, and other explosives. When John Brown, in his infamous raid, took possession of the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, Va., nearly all the skilled workers at that post were brought to the Fayetteville arsenal and put to work here.

North Carolina, adverse to war, had to choose sides, and when President Lincoln called for troops to force back into the Union the seceding States, Governor Ellis, the chief executive of North Carolina, replied: "I can be no party to wicked violation of the laws of this country, and especially to this war which is being waged upon a free and independent people." Seeing plainly the dangers that threatened the State, Governor Ellis, a few days later, ordered the capture of the Fayetteville arsenal and the forts on the coast. With the heaven-born inspiration of a great commander, he did not delay to give the enemy time to capture or destroy the arsenal. (Clarke's History).

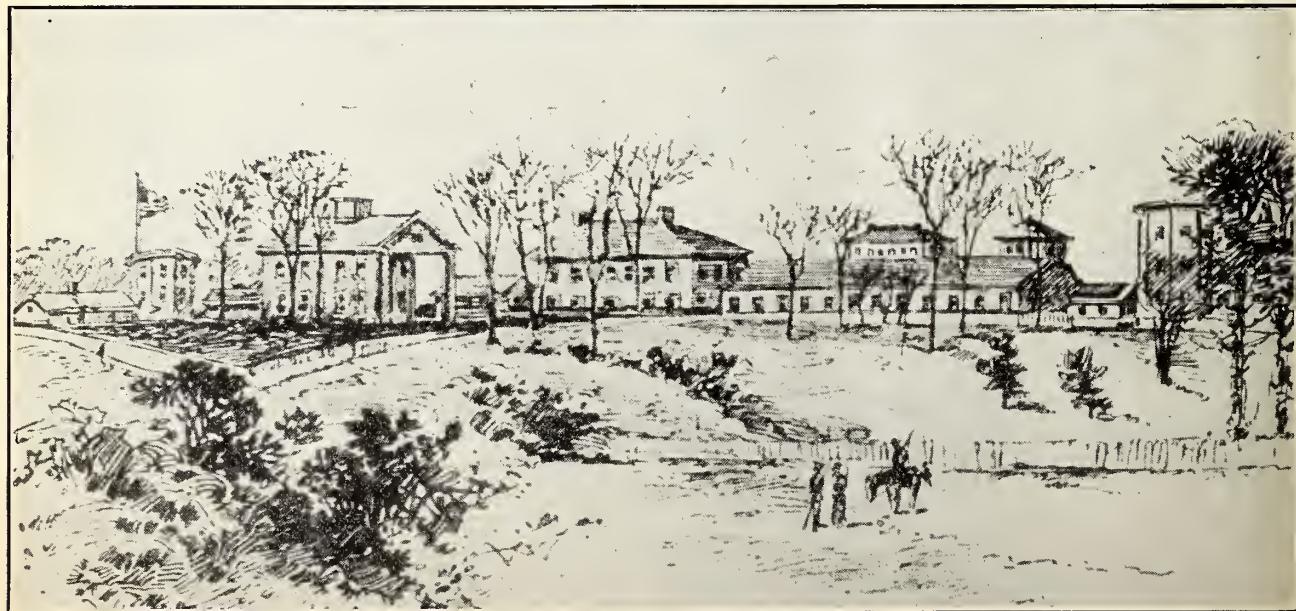
So the first overt act against the United States government was the taking of the arsenal by the State of North Carolina, its surrender occurring at three o'clock on April 22, 1861. The "besieging" forces were the Cumberland County militia. The "taking of the arsenal" is one of the historic events of Fayetteville, and many amusing incidents are connected with it. Some of the older citizens marched up Haymont behind the militia, their negro servants carrying

their guns! When a flag of truce was called for, one of the belles of Fayetteville threw her pocket handkerchief to the officer, who hoisted it on the end of his bayonet! The Fayetteville *Observer* of April 26, 1861, in its account of the taking of the arsenal, said: "The arsenal buildings and machinery have probably cost the United States more than a quarter million dollars. The machinery especially is very perfect for the manufacture of every implement of war. There are four brass six-pounders and two brass twelve-pounder Howitzers, forming a complete 'battery,' in military phrase; with all the horse trappings, and two old make iron six-pounders, thirty-seven thousand muskets and rifles, with other military stores, and a large quantity of powder."

The capture of the Fayetteville arsenal, with its thirty-seven thousand stands of arms, placed North Carolina in the front rank of Southern States. Ten or twelve thousand of these were given to the State of Virginia, not quite so fortunate as North Carolina, on account of the destruction of the arsenal at Harper's Ferry. These arms were rapidly placed in the hands of the North Carolina troops as fast as recruited. Many thousands more of arms were made here for the Confederate army, after supplying 37,000 muskets at the beginning of the war.

When Sherman's army was approaching Fayetteville in March, 1865, the machinery used in the arsenal was hurriedly taken to Egypt, in Chatham County, and hidden in the mine there. The special object of Sherman's visit to Fayetteville was this arsenal, and his stay of five days in this historic town will ever be remembered, as he left sorrow and devastation behind. The story of his destruction of the arsenal is a chapter in itself—how he first razed it with battering rams and then applied the torch, which completely blotted out this beautiful spot, once the pride of Fayetteville.

But not long did Fayetteville lie weeping in the dust after this tragic visit of Sherman; it was not in her nature. Gathering herself together, she went to work again. She bought from the United States government the millions of brick left in the ruined walls of the arsenal with which to repair her waste places, and struggled on under many difficulties. The march of progress has left no vestige of the old arsenal prop-



THE OLD ARSENAL AND GROUNDS AT FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., AS SKETCHED BY ONE OF SHERMAN'S SOLDIERS BEFORE ITS DESTRUCTION.

erty, and the city of Fayetteville, spreading westward, has changed the old arsenal grounds into paved streets and modern homes. So the old has given way to the new. Yet the oldest inhabitant of our town still feels that the chief grudge against Sherman is his destruction of the arsenal.

Though the arsenal was the ornament for so many years of this old town, yet there had been preserved no picture of it, so the recent coming to light of a sketch of the arsenal made by one of Sherman's soldiers in his memorable visit of March 11, 1865, has revived interest in this almost forgotten spot. The sketch appeared in an old magazine, from which it has been copied by the Historical Department of the North Carolina U. D. C., and this picture of historic value has been presented to the State's Hall of History and to the North Carolina Room of the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va.

The pictures in this old magazine, published in the seventies, were drawn by one of Sherman's army and are the only pictures of the arsenal and other historic buildings in this old Scotch town of Fayetteville, and the sketch was probably made the day before its destruction.

HOW FORREST DESTROYED SHERMAN'S LINE OF COMMUNICATION.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

When General Hood succeeded to the command of the Army of Tennessee in September, 1864, the effective force of that army had been reduced to thirty thousand men of all arms, while Sherman's force was fully three times that number and splendidly supplied with the best equipment in use.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, with forty thousand soldiers, the equal of any army of its size in the world, had been unable to stay the march of Sherman through Georgia, and now that the strength of the army had been reduced to thirty thousand men, there was no expectation of Hood's doing so in open battle; but the situation made a change necessary. General Hood had made a great reputation in the Army of Northern Virginia for courage, dash, and daring, but now he was deprived of the direction and support of the matchless General Lee. Whatever may have been the hopes of General Hood, it must be confessed that the situation was desperate.

Then it was that General Forrest conceived the plan of throwing a force across the Tennessee River to destroy Sherman's line of communication, as well as his supplies in transit along that line. That was the only hope of relieving Hood. Forrest determined to try it, and on September 10, 1864, he began preparations for that important operation.

General Chalmers was directed to take position at Grenada, Miss., to be in command of all the troops not to be used on the expedition. General Roddy was ordered to repair the Memphis and Charleston Railroad bridges and culverts eastward of Corinth, and to prepare boats for use in crossing the river about Cherokee Station, North Alabama. On September 13, at West Point, Miss., an order was issued to the entire command to be in readiness to move on the 16th, with four days' cooked rations, and on that day Buford's Division, Lyons's and Bell's Brigade, and Rucker's Brigade, of Chalmers's Division, under Col. D. C. Kelley, also the horses of Morton's and Walton's batteries, began the march to Cherokee Station. A large number of negroes had been impressed and were sent with a work train to repair the broken places in the track of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad between West Point and Corinth, where it connected with the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. The guns and caissons and the men of

both batteries, on flat cars followed the repair train, and they were followed by a train loaded with supplies of ordnance and subsistence.

The troops reached Cherokee Station about sunset, September 19. General Forrest, with his staff and escort and about four hundred and fifty dismounted men, under Lieutenant Colonel Barnett, reached Corinth on the 17th by the Mobile and Ohio, and transferred to the Memphis and Charleston. All the wood used by the locomotives had to be cut by the wayside, as the train progressed, and the boilers of the engine were filled with water brought in buckets from the creeks that crossed the track. By the 20th the whole force was collected at Cherokee Station, and on the following morning the artillery and dismounted men crossed at Colbert's Ferry, which had been put in order by General Roddy, while the cavalry crossed at a ford just below the shoals. The river at this point was about two thousand yards wide in a straight line, but the ford was extremely hazardous, and, winding along the shallow places of the shoals, made the distance some two miles in length. The stream was filled with ledges of rock that jutted above the water, while there were places where the swift-surging current broke heavily and burst and boiled in frothy tumult. There were crevices and holes that were made noticeable by the comparative smoothness of the deep water that flowed over them. It was a desperate undertaking to try to cross three thousand cavalry, which moved in column of twos. No man but Forrest could do it. A guide was sent ahead to mark the pathway through the breakers. To stray either to the right or left meant almost certain destruction, for to have fallen into one of the deep holes, horse and rider would have been drawn down stream by the current and dashed against the jagged rocks; but there was no hesitation. For a time the whole ford was filled with horsemen, presenting the appearance of a long serpent. The operation, however, was happily accomplished without accident, and the command passed on to within two miles of Florence and camped for the night. Roddy's Brigade had crossed the day before at Bainbridge, and effected a junction with Buford.

The whole force was now assembled, about 4,500 strong of all arms. Having information that Athens, Ala., an important depot, was occupied by a force of the enemy, Forrest marched to that vicinity and arrived about sunset on the 23rd of September. There was a considerable encampment in the suburbs of the town. So sudden and unexpected was the appearance of General Forrest and his attack, which followed, that the enemy ran in great confusion and took refuge in a fort about a half mile distant, leaving their horses and equipment in the hands of the Confederates. Forrest deployed his force so as to encompass the town and awaited daylight before taking further action.

It required about three hours the following morning to make necessary preparation for the attack. The artillery was placed on commanding positions, which surrounded the redoubts, some seven hundred yards distant from it. The cavalry, dismounted, surrounded the town on three sides, and detachments from each command, mounted, were thrown out to cover all approaches, and by ten o'clock the Confederates had moved within a hundred and fifty yards of the Federal trenches. Everything ready for the attack, Forrest sent a flag of truce by Major Strange, of his staff, with a formal demand for the unconditional surrender. The answer was not long delayed—an absolute refusal. Forrest sent another communication asking for a personal interview with the commander, which soon took place. General Forrest expressed to him his earnest desire to avoid unnecessary shedding of blood, and at the same time declared that he was

amply able to carry the position by storm without failure, and that he was willing to exhibit his force to the Federal commander, who would find fully eight thousand men and twenty-four guns. The Federal officer in command was Colonel Campbell, who stated that if he could be satisfied that such a force actually surrounded him, he would not attempt to maintain a useless defense. Forrest's dispositions were favorable for his purpose, and with characteristic adroitness and audacity, he proposed that Colonel Campbell review his lines, and they rode together for that purpose. The first troops he displayed were the dismounted cavalry, which he called his infantry division, armed with Enfield rifles. Some five hundred yards rearward the horse holders were drawn up mounted, and so disposed as to be taken for a body of fully four thousand cavalry. The batteries were exhibited and were shifted from one position to another, so as to appear five or six full batteries. By the time these forces had been inspected, Colonel Campbell announced that what he saw far exceeded his conception of the force that confronted him, a force he estimated to be fully ten thousand strong. He, therefore, agreed to capitulate on Forrest's terms, but asked that his officers might be allowed to retain their private property. General Forrest readily agreed without discussion, and Major Strange and Captain Anderson, of the staff, returned with Colonel Campbell to arrange the surrender. Within a short time the garrison of fourteen hundred, rank and file, marched out from the fort without arms. About this moment a train came from the direction of Decatur filled with infantry, who disembarked, some five hundred strong, near a blockhouse about a mile from the fort, and evidently expected to form a junction with the garrison. The 7th Tennessee, of Rucker's Brigade (Colonel Kelley), having been previously posted in that quarter, became immediately engaged in a lively skirmish with those troops. A detachment from Wilson's and Russell's regiments, under Lieut. Col. Jesse Forrest, and some one hundred and fifty men of the 15th Tennessee, under Lieutenant Colonel Lockwood, fell upon the flank, and the attack soon became so furious that the enemy, throwing down their arms, surrendered.

Numbers of the enemy were killed, and the Confederates lost several splendid officers and men. Col. Jesse Forrest was seriously wounded. General Forrest now learned that two block houses, one a half mile and the other a mile and a half distant from Athens, were on the line of railroad. Both were ordered to surrender. The one most remote succumbed without parley, and the garrison marched out without arms, but the commander of the near one, when called upon to surrender, haughtily answered: "Having been placed in command by my government, I will forfeit my life rather than yield." Then something happened. Capt. John W. Morton, Chief of Artillery, had made an observation of the blockhouse and stated to General Forrest that he could penetrate within the works at the joints with his projectiles, notwithstanding the great thickness of its walls of hewn oak timber. Thereupon General Forrest told Morton to "try it." At the same instant he turned four of his three-inch rifled pieces upon the fort at a range of some three hundred yards. The first shot striking the roof from one of "Mayton's gun section," scattered earth and plank in every direction; while two other shells penetrated and, exploding, killed six and wounded seven of the garrison. The effect was instantaneous. The gate was thrown hurriedly open and an officer, rushing forth with a white flag, shouted in accents of great excitement, just as General Forrest rode up, "Your shells bore through my logs like augers," and the flamboyant commander decided that his life was more important to him than his government.

The prisoners taken around Athens numbered 1,900 men. General Buford and Col. William A. Johnson soon were actively occupied supplying their commands with such articles and equipment as they needed. Buford was able to mount two



A LITTLE CONFEDERATE OF 1861.

Capt. James Dinkins at the time he entered the Confederate Army, April, 1861, before his sixteenth birthday.

hundred and fifty of his dismounted men with excellent horses. There were twenty-five wagons and teams among the spoils, and these were loaded with medical stores and ammunition. The rest of the stores, a very considerable amount, were set on fire, together with the two blockhouses and trestle work of the railroad, and all buildings that had been used by the enemy. Besides the property enumerated, there were four pieces of artillery and six ambulances. Some fifty of the enemy were killed and one hundred wounded.

Meanwhile, the dead were buried and the wounded of both sides properly disposed of in Athens for treatment. The blockhouses, buildings, and trestle work having been destroyed, the captured wagons and ambulances and prisoners, properly guarded, were sent to Florence, while the command was put in motion northward for "Sulphur Trestle."

There were two blockhouses captured before reaching Sulphur Trestle, after short parleys. General Forrest had taken along the officer of the garrison who rushed out with a white flag after Morton smashed a few shells into his blockhouse, who readily related to the commander the incident, with enough warmth in his description to produce the effect for which he had been carried along. Both blockhouses were destroyed and one hundred officers and men captured without firing a gun. This was effected by a small force from Colonel Johnson's Division.

Early in the morning of September 25, Forrest was in front of Sulphur Trestle, which position was known to be defended by a strong redoubt, garnished with artillery and heavily garrisoned. There were also several blockhouses there. The trestle was a large, costly structure which spanned a deep ravine, with precipitous sides. It was sixty feet high, and, as may be understood, formed a valuable link in between the Federal forces and their base at Nashville. Hence its protection was a matter of vital importance to the enemy. A square redoubt about three hundred feet in length had been thrown up on a hill to the southward, so as to command the trestle and all approaches. There were two 12-pounder Howitzers arranged to be fired through embrasures, sweeping all avenues to the trestle, while some two hundred yards in advance on three sides it was surrounded by a line of rifle pits, besides two formidable blockhouses built in each end of the ravine to prevent approach to the trestle by that way. The garrison was one thousand strong. Everything ready, Colonel Kelley, supported by Johnson's Division, was ordered to drive the Federal pickets and skirmishers in, and, after a short skirmish, made the enemy seek shelter. Making a reconnaissance, Forrest saw that the position was almost impregnable, especially because the blockhouses were sheltered from his artillery. Nothing daunted, however, relying on himself and his ever-fertile resources, he spent two hours in light skirmishes, during which he succeeded with slight loss in establishing a position of his force within a hundred yards of the breastworks of the redoubt. In the meantime, that splendid young artillerist, Captain Morton, had found four positions for his guns within eight hundred yards of and commanding the works, in which he felt he could explode his shells. At this stage, Forrest determined to resort to the artifice of demanding a surrender, and, accordingly, Major Strange was sent forward under flag of truce with the summons. In about an hour he returned with a positive refusal. It seemed a hopeless case; no other man would have approached it with the force at hand; but, without further ado, Morton was ordered to take the position he had mentioned and open without delay. Meanwhile, a lively skirmish was commenced and kept up by the riflemen, which, however, was more noisy than effective, for they were kept under cover to avoid loss. Walton's guns were soon in position at two points, from which he could enfilade a large position of the southern and western fronts, while Morton's own battery to an equal extent raked the other two faces, and Ferrell's guns were pushed into a more exposed position in a cornfield, but within short range of the fort. Firing began from the three positions with perceptible effect. For a time the enemy responded vigorously with his 12-pounder Howitzer, but a shell from Lieutenant Sales's section of Morton's Battery striking the mouth of one of them, glanced and struck the axle, killing, it was learned, every man at the piece, and turning it over; and soon the other was dismounted by a shot planted squarely in its mouth by Lieutenant Brown, of the same battery. The Confederate aim was splendid; every shell fell and exploded within the Federal works, whose force, swept in great part by an enfilading fire, gave little or no shelter to the garrison, who were seen running from side to side vainly seeking cover. Many found it within some wooden buildings in the redoubt, but the shot and shell crushing and tearing through these feeble barriers either set them on fire or smashed them to pieces, killing and wounding their inmates and adding to the wild confusion of the enemy, who, though making no proffer of surrender, had nevertheless become utterly impotent for defense.

Forrest ordered a cessation of hostilities again and de-

manded a capitulation. This time the demand was promptly acceded to, and the surrender was effected at once. The interior of the work presented a sanguinary, sickening spectacle, another shocking illustration of little capacity for command. Every building had been razed or burned to the ground, and two hundred and fifty Federal officers and men lay slain within the narrow area of the redoubt, giving it the aspect of a slaughter pen. Among the dead were Colonel Lathrop, the commander, and a number of officers. Comparatively few of the garrison had been wounded; the bursting shells had done their work effectively upon this poor unfortunate force, whose defense, prolonged doubtless because the officers, paralyzed under the tempest of iron showered upon them, knew not what to do. Eight hundred and twenty officers and men capitulated, while the other results were the two pieces of artillery, twenty wagons and teams, four hundred cavalry horses with equipment, and a large quantity of ordnance and commissary stores.

Having expended a large portion of his artillery and ammunition, General Forrest sent back to Florence and across the Tennessee River four pieces of his own artillery, the captured guns and wagon trains and prisoners, with an escort commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Lockwood. After burying the dead of both sides, the men cut down and burned the trestle, and by morning nothing remained of that huge work except heaps of ashes and charred beams. This was not achieved without loss; several of the best officers were killed; Capt. James J. Kirkman, of Florence, Ala., in command of Colonel Johnson's escort, was among them.

Buford moved along the railroad after he had destroyed the large railroad bridge and blockhouses at Elk River and ten thousand cords of wood, kept there for the operation of the road, which likewise destroyed a mile of track. The command was again concentrated and moved on to Richland Creek, over which there was a truss railroad bridge two hundred feet long, defended by a heavy blockhouse; but the garrison capitulated after a few shells burst against it. The bridge and blockhouse were burned.

Early on the 27th, Forrest was again in motion toward Pulaski, Buford moving by the railroad, Johnson to the right of it, followed by Kelley. In this order, the Federal pickets were encountered a mile beyond Richland Creek and were borne back for a mile, when a heavy Federal force was developed in line of battle, stretched across the turnpike and railroad about four hundred yards apart, and on a range of hills. It was a mixed force, not less than six thousand strong, splendidly posted, while the Confederates present did not number over thirty-three hundred. Nevertheless, Forrest resolved on the offensive, dismounted, and deployed Buford and Johnson's small divisions across the roads, as Kelley, still mounted, was sent on a detour to the eastward to gain the Federal rear. Deploying his escort, about sixty rifles, as skirmishers in front of Johnson, Forrest threw forward that invincible band of men, charging with characteristic intrepidity up a hill held by the enemy in that part of the field, brought on an engagement and gained a position. Meanwhile, Buford and Johnson pressed up with vigor and an animated musket and artillery affair ensued. Here Colonel Johnson, a splendid officer in command of Roddy's Division, was dangerously wounded. Manifestly nothing was to be achieved by attacking the big force in the works, so during the night Forrest moved toward Fayetteville with the purpose of striking the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad at Tullahoma. That railroad was the main channel of supply for Sherman's army, then at Atlanta, and Forrest's object was to destroy as much of the track and bridges as possible.

It began to rain in torrents, and the night became so dark that the ordnance trains could not move over the rough roads, but at daybreak of the 28th, the movement was renewed toward Tullahoma. Forrest was met by scouts with tidings that a heavy column of Federal cavalry and infantry was marching from Chattanooga to meet him, and that the force of six thousand he left at Pulaski were now on the way, by rail through Nashville, to confront him at Tullahoma. This situation required a radical change in his plans of operation. The men and horses were tired and footsore by excessive and prolonged hard service, and it was still raining. Moreover, the Tennessee River was rising rapidly and there was no available ferryage except a few old flats at Florence. Furthermore, the enemy in the vicinity was seven to ten times superior in number to him.

The situation was precarious, and indeed one that required a large measure of coolness and judgment. He sent Buford to escort the wagons and cattle to cross at Florence, and, with a small force, moved against Spring Hill, and destroyed eight miles of railroad. He seized the telegraph office at Spring Hill, and was able to intercept several official dispatches which gave him precise information with regard to the location of the Federal troops which were in pursuit of him. Having acquired as much information as he desired about the movements of the enemy, he sent several misleading dispatches to Generals Rousseau and Steadman in regard to his movements, stating that Forrest was still destroying the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad. These messages being dispatched, he broke up the telegraph line and turned the column toward Florence, where he crossed in safety, after burning several thousand cords of wood which had been collected for use of the locomotives, captured six wagons and teams, thirty fat oxen and forty mules, and burned four blockhouses. He crossed to the south, on the east bank of the Tennessee River, with ten pieces of artillery, with caissons and ammunition, one thousand head of horses and mules, five hundred head of beef cattle, one hundred and fifty wagons, three thousand stands of small arms, 2,200 prisoners, after having destroyed one hundred miles of railroad track and bridges, including six thousand feet of trestle, which was not restored for a year. He moved the force to Jackson, Tenn., where he remained until October 15, and then proceeded to destroy the Federal fleet of gunboats and transports at Paris Landing and Johnsonville. But that is another story.

In all of General Forrest's operations, it will be seen that he depended very greatly on his artillery, and it is pleasing to record that three of the best artillery officers in the South belonged to the Western Army. Capt. John W. Morton and Capt. Edwin S. Walton, of Forrest's Cavalry, and Capt. W. W. Carnes of Cheatham's Corps, were the bright examples. Major Pelham, of the Army of Northern Virginia, was never surpassed for courage and dash as an artillery officer, but he could not handle a gun like Morton, Walton, and Carnes. Either of them could plant a shell in a porthole at four or five hundred yards. There have not been three better artillery captains at any time. Forrest felt a great pride in Morton and Walton, and Cheatham thought that Carnes's Battery could silence any guns in action against him. Morton and Walton passed beyond many years ago, but Captain Carnes is in active business at Bradenton, Fla., eighty-five years of age, and I pray that he may be spared to the country many years to come, for he is a fine, representative Southern soldier.

The writer knew General Forrest as well as a boy could know a great man. I served the last two years of the war with him, and accompanied him in most of his desperate and

daring enterprises. I thought of him then as the most wonderful man I had ever known. My admiration for him has grown daily during the sixty-three years since I first met him. I am familiar with the achievements of many of the great commanders of the past, but I firmly believe that Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest was the most gifted military strategist that ever lived.

General Lee was the most perfect man for several hundred years before him. He possessed qualities that make a man great. As citizen, soldier, gentleman he never had a superior, and I doubt that he ever had an equal. The presence of General Lee and General Forrest gave to men that tingle in the blood that comes only upon momentous occasions. They could make heroes out of common mortals.

MY FIRST BATTLE.

BY CALVIN B. VANCE, BATESVILLE, MISS.

I was brought up on a cotton plantation in Mississippi. My father was a large slaveholder, and, with the custom of those times, as a boy I learned to ride a horse and shoot a gun. Father died several years before the War between the States.

When about fifteen years of age, I was sent to the Kentucky Military Institute, a few miles out from Frankfort, Ky., and with one year of training I became pretty efficient in military tactics. Subsequently I was sent to the University of Virginia, and was there when war was declared between the North and South. When the University closed, my mother urged me to come home, but I did not heed her command. Youth like, when the 17th Mississippi Regiment,



MRS. BERNARD C. HUNT, OF COLUMBIA, MO.

President of the Missouri Division, U. D. C. Elected at annual convention in St. Louis, October, 1925.

commanded by Colonel Featherston, with other Mississippi regiments came through Charlottesville on their way to the front, I joined the "Vindicators," Company H, of the 17th Mississippi Regiment, a company from my home.

The 17th, 18th, 21st, and 13th Mississippi Regiments, with the 8th Virginia and a Virginia battery, commanded by Captain Rodgers, and other forces I do not remember now, were ordered to Leesburg, thirty miles north of Manassas on the Potomac River, near Ball's Bluff, to protect our main army at Manassas from a flank movement by the Yankee forces. Our command, under General Evans, was stationed at the town of Leesburg, two miles from Ball's Bluff on the Potomac. During the time we were stationed at Leesburg, we were thoroughly drilled. I was a gangling, long-legged boy at that time, nearly six feet tall. It was my ambition to be in the front rank when drilling and on dress parade for the admiration of the girls and the people of the town.

We were having a great time with the good people of Leesburg, but in the first days of October, one of those hazy autumn days, report came that a large force of the Yankee army was crossing the Potomac at Ball's Bluff, about two miles east of Leesburg, to make a flank movement on our main army at Manassas. Then it was that General Evans ordered our army to meet the attack of the Yankee forces under General Stone. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the 17th Mississippi double-quicked to the battle field and went into action. There had been heavy fighting before the 17th arrived. We formed line of battle and went into action through a grove of timber, over the wounded and dead. The cannon balls began to cut the limbs off the trees over our heads, the Minie balls were chipping the bark from the trees, and men going down along the line, and I must say I got a little weak in the knees; the glory of the dress parades rapidly departed. It came to me that I had been some kind of a fool wanting to be in the front rank. I would have felt more comfortable in the rear rank with some one in front of me. I was not prepared, either physically or mentally, for such a sudden change in life. A fellow's mind is never so active as when brought face to face with a life-and-death proposition. I could hear the barking of the dogs and crowing of the chickens back home. Then my conscience hurt me for not being a dutiful son and obeying my mother. I knew then the Lord had made a mistake if he intended me for a hero. I never expected to see the sun rise again.

The smoke and the crash of the guns was terrific as we advanced, firing as we went forward, driving the Yankees back. Soon we came to a sedge field; I suppose it was three or four hundred yards wide, but at that moment it did not seem over one-half the distance. Sedge fields have lost favor with me ever since. When we reached the edge of the field, Colonel Featherston gave the order to lie down, which was obeyed with great alacrity; no lizards ever got closer to the ground than we did. The only consolation that came to me in those moments of distress was that the other boys in the command were enjoying the same tribulations. The Yankees had fallen back and formed line of battle on the other side of the sedge field in the edge of the woods, and the shells and the Minie balls came screaming by and over us, saying, "*Where-are-you?*" while we hugged old mother earth. This relief was of short duration, for soon came the order, "Attention, Command!" (old Featherston had a voice like a rasp of a file). In response, we were up in line of battle. Then came the order to "fix bayonets." I knew then the days of my transgressions were at hand. I could not understand why our fool officers could not have carried us around some other way; but there was no time for thinking then,

for came in rapid succession the order "Forward, charge," then the command that made Featherston famous: "Drive the Yankees into the Potomac or into hell!"

You have heard of the "Rebel Yell," haven't you? When we swept across that field, no wild Indians ever gave out a more bloodcurdling yell than we did. It was "Hark! from the tomb," "Hail, Columbia, Happy Land!"

When the charge started, a stream of flame from the Yankee lines formed on the opposite side of the sedge field greeted us, and many of our boys went down. No man could live in the middle of that sedge field. But we went in on them and routed them, and then it was we paid them back twofold.

When we routed the Yankees and they were in full retreat, I began to get fighting mad. We poured volley after volley into their forces as they attempted to recross the Potomac in their barges, and the river was full of dead and drowning men. The commander of the Yankee forces, General Stone, was killed on the battle field. Over three thousand surrendered to the Confederate forces. It was a most glorious victory for the Confederates.

We were heroes all, after the battle.

When we first went into battle, I saw the brave commander of the 18th Mississippi, Colonel Burt, being carried from the field, fatally wounded.

Following the reorganization after the first year's service in Virginia, I returned to my home in Mississippi. The war was just getting under good headway, my reputation as a most valiant soldier in the battles in Virginia had preceded me, and I was elected second brevet lieutenant in a battery of artillery that was being organized in my home community. After a year and a half as an officer in the battery, the officers above me being disabled from wounds and otherwise, I became commander of the battery.

No event in the life of any man will ever rise above the trials, hardships, and dangers that came to a Confederate soldier. The years I served in the Confederate army will always stand out as the most eventful period of my life, and I hope to record my experience in other battles, such as the second battle of Corinth, Chickasaw Bayou, siege of Vicksburg, battle of Selma, Ala., and other minor engagements, for the readers of the VETERAN, if agreeable.

"*THERE'S NOTHING SO KINGLY AS KINDNESS.*"

BY MRS. NANCY NORTH, NEW YORK CITY.

A most kindly and generous act, so characteristic of the warm sympathy of the women of the Southland, was recently reported from Wilmington, N. C., this being the burial of a Union veteran, ninety-two years old, by the King's Daughters of that city, in their own plot in Bellevue Cemetery. This old soldier, E. A. Cole, a survivor of the storming of Fort Fisher, died without relatives, friendless and alone, and the alternative was a pauper's grave. But the King's Daughters, ever on the alert to extend kindness and charity to all, no sooner heard of these sad circumstances than they insisted that other arrangements must be made, and the Union soldier was buried under the Stars and Stripes in the plot owned by the Southern women, having as guard of honor old wearers of the gray, led by Dr. A. M. Baldwin, Commander of Cape Fear Camp, United Confederate Veterans. The brief religious rites were indeed a benediction for the splendid spirit of Americanism, and no more fitting symbol of a reunited country could be conjured by the mind of man than this simple tribute of veneration for a veteran of this country by the loyal women of the Southland.

SURGEONS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

DR. HUNTER HOLMES MCGUIRE, OF VIRGINIA.

On the 7th of January, 1904, there was unveiled on the historic Capitol Square in Richmond, Va., "in the presence of a distinguished company of Virginians," a monument to the South's great surgeon and one of her most illustrious sons, Dr. Hunter Holmes McGuire. The inscription on this monument states that

"To Hunter Holmes McGuire, M.D., LL.D., President of the American Medical and of the American Surgical Associations; Founder of the University College of Medicine; Medical Director of Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia; an eminent civil and military surgeon and beloved physician; an able teacher and vigorous writer; a useful citizen and broad humanitarian; gifted in mind and generous in heart, this monument is erected by his many friends."

A great parade preceded the ceremonies about the statue. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. James Power Smith, who was on Jackson's staff with Dr. McGuire, and the little grandson and namesake, Hunter McGuire, Jr., drew the veil which revealed the lifelike figure to the vision of the assembled multitude who had known and loved him in life. Into the keeping of the State the monument was given by Col. George L. Christian, speaking for the Memorial Association, and accepted by Governor Montague in appreciative spirit. In a brilliant address, Hon. Holmes Conrad, of Winchester—Dr. McGuire's native place—paid fitting tribute to a life of accomplishment and good deeds—that address is here given in part.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

The character of Dr. McGuire, like the portico of Solomon's temple, rested upon the firm pillars of strength and stability. He acquired these traits by rightful inheritance. They had been the characteristics of his race. . . . His grandfather, Capt. Edward McGuire, held that rank and station in the Continental Line and had fought with success for the establishment of that republican form of government, the integrity of which his more distinguished grandson, near one hundred years later, fought in vain to preserve. His father, Dr. Hugh Holmes McGuire, was a physician and surgeon of the older type, and it is not invidious to say that his fame exceeded that of any other member of his profession in all the regions west of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Many came to him from afar to be healed. As a surgeon, his operations down to the close of his life fully sustained his well-earned reputation. . . . Although sixty years of age at the outbreak of the War between the States, he instantly offered his services, was commissioned as surgeon, and placed in charge of the hospitals at Lexington.

He had married Ann Eliza Moss, of Fairfax County, his first cousin, their mothers being daughters of Col. Joseph Holmes, an officer in the Continental Line and county lieutenant of Frederick County during the Revolutionary War. Of this marriage was born, on the 11th of October, 1835, Hunter Holmes McGuire, who was called after his great uncle, Maj. Andrew Hunter Holmes, an officer of the United States army, who fell at the battle of Mackinaw.

Hunter McGuire received his academic education at the Winchester Academy, where he might have seen his father's name graven on the desks, and where a succession of Scotch and Irish schoolmasters had done so much to give strength and form to the characters of several generations of men. He was a grave, earnest, manly boy, taking little part in the games and sports of his school fellows, but always held by them in deepest respect and affection for his frank, amiable

disposition, his unswerving devotion to truth, and his unflinching courage. He was not a brilliant student and gave no other promise of his future distinction than was implied in his striking traits of character. His father, in association with other physicians, had founded a medical college at Winchester, which, for many years before the war, was largely attended by students. Here Hunter McGuire received his early medical training, which was developed further at the medical schools in Philadelphia. From 1856 to 1858 he held the Chair of Anatomy in the college at Winchester, but in the latter year he removed to Philadelphia to conduct a "Quiz Class," in conjunction with Drs. Pancoast and Luckett. In this congenial work he was engaged when the John Brown raid, that doleful harbinger of the war, occurred. This gave occasion for the outspoken declarations of intense and bitter feeling which had long smoldered and from which the medical students enjoyed no exceptional immunity.

When the body of the executed felon was borne through Philadelphia, the dwellers in that city of brotherly love gave free and full expression to the sentiments which prevailed in their bosoms.

Now did the powers which lay dormant in the soul of this young physician play their first and most dramatic part on the public stage. His acquaintance among those with whom he lived and worked was of necessity limited. Himself comparatively unknown, without the graces of person, the seductiveness of manner, or powers of speech which so often win the attention and control the conduct of the masses of mankind, we find him, in the midst of winter, leaving Philadelphia at the head of three hundred medical students, who, forfeiting all they had staked of present investment and of hope of future advantage from those schools, followed their leader with unfaltering tread into unknown and apparently hopeless fields. What now, we may inquire, was the secret of that marvelous power in the exercise of which a youth of twenty-four years of age was enabled to induce three hundred men, many of whom were doubtless older and far more experienced than himself, to forsake the present means of earning a livelihood and cast their fortunes with him. . . . Is it not true that these three hundred students followed that young and earnest teacher because they recognized in him a born leader of men and attested by their implicit confidence his genius for command? This was on his part no stroke of policy, no low preferment of his own selfish interests, no vulgar greed for popularity. He exacted no conditions from his followers and imposed on them no terms of future allegiance; but, having conducted them to Richmond and seen them established in suitable schools, he withdrew in self-effacement to earn his living in another field.

The alarm of war recalled him from his new-found home in New Orleans to his birthplace in Virginia. At the first call to arms he stood not on any claim which his conspicuous conduct might afford, but took his place in the ranks of the first volunteer company that marched out from Winchester, ready to perform the duties of the humblest station. Very soon, however, the obvious need for his professional skill called him to the medical staff of the army, and here the discerning eye of Jackson fell upon him and singled him for the high place of Medical Director of his army. To Dr. McGuire's sense of just proportion this distinction appeared to be unfair to others of his profession, who, older and more experienced than himself, had from like motives entered the service. He pointed this out to General Jackson and asked to be relieved; but his only solace was the stern reply: "Sir, I appointed you." And from that day on, till the "dolorous stroke" at Chancellorsville, there was no official report of

battle by General Jackson that did not contain express acknowledgment of the efficient service of Surgeon McGuire.

Throughout their long and interesting association the relation between these two men was not that alone of commander and chief surgeon, but in camp, in bivouac, and in battle, Dr. McGuire was always the trusted friend and close companion of his reticent chief. With what delightful satisfaction do we recall those charming recitals that our friend did make in social intercourses and on more formal occasions of his conversations with General Jackson—of the vehement and impetuous outbursts of intense emotion that at times, though rarely, escaping from that strange man, opened to view the workings of his mighty soul as a chasm in Aetna's rugged side lays bare the awful fires within. But what infinite tenderness and love was there displayed as in his last visit and interview with the dying Gregg and his impassioned grief—indeed, his rage—at the supposed neglect of that young soldier, who had been committed to his care, when the wounded boy lay dying on the field. We recall, too, the earnest and emphatic declaration he made to Dr. McGuire when, yielding to the advice of those he had called into council, he had abandoned Winchester to the uncontested occupation of General Banks, "I will never hold another council of war"; and to this resolution he steadfastly adhered.

How modestly and how reverently our friend would recall those memories of deepest interest to all. How free from vulgar boasting and self-exploitation were all his references to that association which was his reasonable pride and his unfailing comfort. Well might he say: "The noblest heritage I shall hand down to my children is the fact that Stonewall Jackson condescended to hold me and treat me as his friend."

And what more priceless heritage can any man transmit to his posterity than that he was held in trustful friendship by one whom the whole world lauds?

His brethren of both opposing armies unite in according to Hunter McGuire the entire credit of the inauguration of many reforms in the interest of economy and humanity. One, his comrade on Jackson's staff, who had opportunity for knowing whereof he spoke, has said of him:

"With his personal skill as an army surgeon and ability to advise and direct in the treatment and the operations of others, Dr. McGuire rapidly developed remarkable administrative ability. There was an extensive and immediate work of organization devolved upon him—appointments, instructions, supplies to be secured, medical and hospital trains to be arranged, hospitals to be established. All this work of immense importance was to be done in the midst of active campaigns, with the army in motion, and often in battle. And in this Dr. McGuire displayed such qualities of comprehension, of promptness, of energy, of command, and of winning confidence and support on every side that the rising genius of the Confederacy found himself supported in the Medical Department in such a way as gave him entire satisfaction."

And those who were sometime his enemies in war, at his death come forward with cordial words of commendation and praise. From Boston comes the plaudit: "He humanized war by originating the custom of releasing all medical officers immediately on their capture." From New York came the recognition: "To Surgeon McGuire belongs the credit of organizing the Reserve Corps hospitals of the Confederate army and perfecting the Ambulance Corps." Accident alone, it may be, has preserved the record of these excellent works. What other reforms were inaugurated by him and on what other objects his vast and fertile administrative powers were exercised are known only to those who witnessed them and whose knowledge lies buried with them.

The operations of the Confederate army, in all its varied departments of service—in the ordnance, the commissary, the quartermaster, as in the medical departments—stimulated the faculties of invention and contrivance in directions and to an extent of which the world has but little knowledge and for which those deserving of lasting honor and of rich reward have died impoverished and unknown. Not only from the crudest and most ill-adapted material were devices, effective and adequate, constructed, but the principles of science received new applications and the resources of art a marvelous development.

The world was shut out from personal knowledge of the interior workings of the Confederate government and of its domestic secrets, and the only medium of knowledge as to such matters has been one that cannot be approved for its manifest fitness to transmit rays of truth.

After the untimely death of his loved commander and comrade, Dr. McGuire served as Medical Director of the Second Corps, under its succeeding commanders, to the close of the war. It is enough to say that from each of them there came the same admiring and approving expressions of his official conduct as had never failed to appear in the official reports of General Jackson, and that from his brethren of the medical staff he continued to receive the same generous support and the same frank expressions of trust and confidence that had marked their earlier relations. No petty jealousies disturbed the harmony of that relation, but to the close of his military career Dr. McGuire retained the warm friendship and the fullest confidence of each and all of his associates. And do we not all know, did we not learn it forty years ago, that the truest and most infallible touchstone of any man's real worth and merit is the esteem in which he was held by his comrades in the army? Long-continued privation, suffering, danger, these bring out in clearest lines the real disposition and features of a man's character.

Of these displays of professional skill from the binding of General Jackson's earliest wound at first Manassas to the last sad offices to his dying chief at Chancellorsville and on down to the parting scenes at Appomattox, the achievements of this great master of his art must be recounted by more apt and fitter tongues than mine. It is now well known that the demands upon his skill as surgeon and physician did not exhaust or even employ the full measure of his large capacity. In other and more extended fields he displayed a genius for compact organization, a contemplation and grasp of broader needs of humanity, and a clear perception and an effective employment of the adequate means for their complete relief. From his own experience, and from that of his fellow surgeons, he made broad and intelligent inductions, which, in later years, were expressed in his chapter on the "Treatment of Gunshot Wounds," which found place in the standard works of his profession and obtained ready acceptance by the masters of surgical art the wide world over.

At the close of the war Dr. McGuire settled in the city of Richmond to make that his future home and was elected to fill the Chair of Surgery in the Medical College of Virginia, then recently made vacant by the death of Dr. Charles Bell Gibson, and he held this chair until 1878.

In 1883, he founded the St. Luke's Home for the Sick, with its attendant training school for nurses. The increasing demands upon this institution soon required an enlargement of space and facilities; it was removed in 1899 to a new building erected for the purpose in the western part of the city, which remains another monument to his wise sagacity and pious zeal.

Impressed with the need for a larger and more thorough

culture to keep pace with the vast strides which modern explorations were making in surgery and medicine, he, associated with others, founded in 1893 the University College of Medicine, which was opened in October of that year and at once, by its surprising success, confirmed the wisdom of its creation. In connection with this new college there was established the Virginia Hospital. Of each of these fine institutions Dr. McGuire was the president, and in the college was also the Clinical Professor of Surgery.

He was one of the founders of the Medical Society of Virginia in 1870, and for several years was the chairman of its Executive Committee and in 1880 became its president.

Honorary degrees and preferments have in this age lost much of their original significance, but never were these more worthily bestowed than upon this most deserving person.

In 1887 the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by the University of North Carolina, and in 1888 by the Jefferson College, of Philadelphia.

In 1869 he became president of the Richmond Academy of Medicine, and in 1875 president of the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States.

In 1889 he was made president of the Southern Surgical and Gynecological Association.

In 1876 he was vice president of the International Medical Congress.

In 1893 the vice president, and 1896 the president of the American Medical Association.

He was a member and officer in many other scientific associations throughout this country, and his attainments and usefulness received significant marks of recognition and appreciation from scientists and scientific associations of foreign lands.

Dr. McGuire was in no sense a politician or a blind partisan or factionist. He was an earnest lover of the truth in every relation of life, and in no cause was his courage so conspicuously displayed or his sustained zeal more intelligently directed than in his untiring efforts to rescue his own land and people from the machinations of those who were seeking to make lies their refuge and under solemn falsehoods to hide themselves. . . . To no man in the land is the credit for this work of wholesome expurgation in the South more due than to Hunter McGuire.

The engrossing demands of his professional life on its many sides, as practitioner, operator, instructor, founder, and writer had prevented more than a superficial and passing thought by Dr. McGuire of the alarming extent and growth of this mischievous evil. It has been stated that while Dr. McGuire was spending a vacation at Bar Harbor a few years ago in company with that gallant soldier and gentleman, Capt. John Cussons, their talk was of the efforts of Northern writers and their friends to pervert the world's judgment and secure a world verdict in their favor, and yet more, of the threatening danger that success would attend their efforts to secure a verdict from Southern children against their fathers through the instrumentality of blinded Southern teachers—subjects upon which Captain Cussons had already written some trenchant articles. Dr. McGuire then for the first time studied "Barnes's History," the most notorious instrument then being used for our injury and the profit of Northern publishers. Some desultory effort had been made in Virginia during preceding years for the removal of this book. These gentlemen resolved that on their return to Virginia such a movement should be inaugurated and pressed with their own energy and that of the men they could gather for the work as would not stop nor stay until the truth should

be taught in our public schools and books and men opposed to it be removed.

Such a movement was inaugurated and a committee appointed, consisting of Professors Dabney, of the University of Virginia; White, of Washington and Lee; Abbott, of Bellevue; J. P. McGuire, of Richmond, and Vawter, of the Miller School, to take the matter in hand. The Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans of Virginia appointed a committee for the same purpose, of which committee Hunter McGuire was the chairman. On October 1, 1899, he submitted the report of the committee, prepared by himself. In that report is expressed his deepest convictions of the evil to be encountered, of the sources of that evil, and of the remedies to be employed for its eradication. In this report, he says:

"No longer concerning ourselves with the sentimental unionists and the honest abolitionists—whose work seems to be over—we still struggle against the two parties we have described. These exist in their successors to-day, their successors who strive to control the opinions of our people and those who seek to make gain by their association with us. Coöoperating with these, and representing motives common to them all, is the new form of another party, which has existed since sectionalism had its birth, the party which has always labored to convince the world that the North was altogether right and righteous and the South wholly and wickedly wrong in the sectional strife. This party is to-day the most distinctly defined and the most dangerous to us. Its chief representatives are the historians against whose work we are especially engaged. We are enlisted against an invasion organized and vigorously prosecuted by all of these people. They are actuated by all the motives we have described, but they have two well-defined (and, as to us, malignant) purposes. One of them is to convince all men, and especially our Southern children, that we were, as Dr. Curry expresses their view, 'a brave, rash people, deluded by bad men, who attempted in an illegal and wicked manner to overthrow the Union.' The other purpose, and for this especially they are laboring, is to have it believed that the Southern soldier, however brave, was actuated by no higher motive than the desire to retain the money value of his slave property. They rightly believed that the world, once convinced of this, will hold us degraded, rather than worthy of honor, and that our children, instead of reverencing their fathers, will be secretly, if not openly, ashamed of them."

The report then reviews certain publications of one of the most learned and forceful writers of the North, and points out with clearness and conclusiveness the errors of statement as to facts in our history which are beyond dispute and which can be accounted for only by the blindness of sectional prejudice which disfigures the otherwise admirable work of that learned writer.

Dr. McGuire's life and services afford many and strong claims to the profound regard and affection of the people of the South. They offer none, however, stronger than this, that by his intelligent and persistent efforts the fountains of knowledge from which our children are supplied have been cleansed and purified, the stream has been restored to its proper channels, and its living waters will henceforward bear to the children of the South the truth that may make them free.

But his words and his works are not of themselves the man; indeed, they but dimly and most inadequately disclose the vast powers, the infinite variety, and the ineffable charm of his mind and character.

He was primarily a veracious man, not in his written and spoken words alone, but in every instinct of his nature, in

every impulse of his lofty soul, in every act of his whole life, as in all the varied expressions of his countenance the truth was the distinguishing feature. Deceit and guile had no place in his heart, but candor in thought and sentiment and frankness in his declarations was his typical characteristic. Simplicity in the operations of his mind, in the exercise of his soul, and in the conduct of his life was one of the sources of his unfailing success.

Courage of that pure and exalted type which is unconscious of self, and of that quality which grows in strength as the danger which confronts it thickens and continues; that courage which has its sanction in purity of heart, in unselfishness of aim, and elevation of purpose. His soul was never daunted by the suddenness or the extremity of peril, and his eye never quailed before the face of mortal man. It is in this feature of his character that we may find the power which sustained him in the projection and in the ultimate achievement of those important movements which, throughout his life, he inaugurated for the advancement of his profession and for the alleviation of the wants and sufferings of humanity.

In his intellectual life the qualities of which we have spoken played a conspicuous part. Singleness of aim, simplicity of methods, and unswerving devotion to his object will account for much. His mind was never clouded by misty speculations, but in all its operations it was guided by a knowledge which he believed to be accurate and sufficiently full for the object sought. His perceptions were clear and vigorous, never distorted by passion or perverted by prejudice. His impressions were always thoroughly digested, and his reflections were free and candid. His conclusions were often reached with a rapidity that appeared to be instinctive. They were honestly formed and not lightly surrendered.

It was these qualities and habits of mind that in large measure imparted to his social conversation and his more formal narrations that lucidity of style, that graphic delineation of character or incident which so charmed his listeners. But intellect alone never wins the love of men, it makes no appeal to the affections. History holds no record of any man crowned as a hero by virtue of his intellect alone. Intellect never swayed senates or led confiding legions to victory. Those faculties of the soul which constitute character are the potential factors in life. It is the character of man that commands our confidence and controls our affections. It is that which most essentially distinguishes one man from another and fixes for each man his place and power in life. A man's impulsive words and acts, the unpremeditated and instinctive expressions of his aspirations and desires, these disclose the real man.

It was by these that Hunter McGuire was made more clearly known, and it is by these that his image is most deeply graven on the fleshly tablets of human hearts. His claims to greatness rest upon the fact that in all the manifestations of his personal character he was great. The scope of his moral vision was broad. He was magnanimous; no petty piques or prejudices or resentments disturbed the serenity of his soul. He harbored no revenge nor bore malice to any. His charity was broad; the weak, the helpless, the poor, and the friendless were the objects of his tender care, on whom, without stint, he expended of his time and substance. No open record may exist on earth of that vast multitude whose racking bodies found relief or their anxious hearts found solace in the retirement of St. Luke's; but it will not be forgotten by those grateful hearts that these ministrations were without other reward than the gratitude they excited and the consciousness that he was doing the will of his Master.

The Confederate soldier and the Confederate cause, as

he interpreted it, stood nearer than any other to his heart. No appeal to him in their behalf was ever made in vain.

To his fellow men he was generous, sympathetic, and ever ready to aid by his counsel and his co-operation and his means. . . .

He loved the South, her people, and her interests, and gave thought and labor to their advancement. He loved with a love that knew no bounds Virginia and her people, his brethren of her soil. These were the objects of his deep solicitude, and upon them the final labors of his life were spent.

And when all the labors of his life were ended, when from the pains and trials of those closing days he would find relief, he crossed over the waters of death's unfared river to rejoin his great commander, under the shade of the trees—

"And gave his body to this pleasant country's earth, and his pure soul unto his Captain, Christ, under whose colors he had fought so long."

Dr. McGuire was married in 1866 to Miss Mary Stuart, daughter of Alexander H. H. Stuart, of Staunton, Va., and three sons and three daughters were born into the home and in their lives have added to the prestige of the grand old commonwealth. The eldest son, Dr. Stuart McGuire, has carried on his father's work in Richmond with the same devotion and interest that characterized his father in its establishment.

GOD ONLY KNOWS WHICH ONE WAS RIGHT.

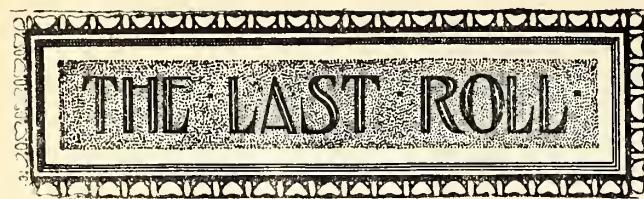
A newspaper article referring to the wounding and death of Gen. William R. Terrill, of the Union army, mentions that he was one of two sons of an old Virginia farmer, the other having espoused the Southern cause, and, it is stated that both rose to the rank of general, and both were killed in Virginia. The stricken father had both buried in one grave on the old farm and erected over them a stone bearing this inscription: "God only knows which one was right." Perhaps some of the VETERAN's readers know something of this.

The following lines are said to have been written by a Kentucky poet:

"Well I recall their last dispute,
The towering tone, the blazing eye;
The haughty gesture made to suit
Each brisk assertion and reply;
Their favorite steeds I see them vault,
And vanish from mine aged sight
To measure might in war's assault—
God only knows which one was right!

Then crept an age of dragging days,
With vague, conflicting rumors rife,
Until along our dust-hung ways
The tidings came that chilled my life,
Among the brave, heroic slain,
Where heavy fell the heavy fight:
My boys lay—wet with crimson rain—
God only knows which one was right!

Ere long I brought them home to sleep
On the old farm—beneath mine eye;
Where stranger eyes their vigils keep,
I could not bear that they should lie.
No more the bugle to the fray
My boys shall rouse, at dead of night.
A deep peace holds my Blue and Gray—
God only knows which one was right!"



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

TAPS.

When your last
Day is past,
From afar
Some bright star
O'er your grave
Watch will keep,
While you sleep
With the brave.

MAJ. T. O. CHESTNEY.

Maj. T. O. Chestney, prominent citizen of Macon, Ga., died in that city on November 2, at the age of eighty-seven years. Hale and hearty despite his long and strenuous life, Major Chestney was looking forward to celebrating his eighty-eighth year on November 21, but he succumbed to a serious illness shortly before that time.

Major Chestney was in the thick of battle throughout the war period of the sixties being wounded several times and winning rapid promotion to the rank of major through his valor on the field. After the war he returned to Macon and took up business activities, becoming associated with the old Central Georgia Bank, after a wide experience in various lines of business and industry in Washington, D. C., and in Macon, and with the Macon and Western Railway Company. In later years he was active in organizing Macon's public library system, of which he was a life director and one-time president. He was a senior warden of Christ Church in Macon, with which he was affiliated through life.

At the outbreak of the War between the States, Major Chestney, as a second lieutenant, saw service with General Lee at Richmond, Va., and with General Johnston at Harper's Ferry, also with Col. George S. Steuart, of Maryland. He was in charge of the armory stores at Harper's Ferry until that post was evacuated, then was commander of a brigade under General Elzey. He received his first wound when leading a squadron of cavalry in the first battle of Manassas. He was in Jackson's Valley campaign, and was again wounded in the battle of Gaines's Mill. Rejoining the army some two months later, in September of 1862, he took part in the battle of Fredericksburg, and for his valor in this engagement he was made a major and given letters of compliment for bravery. He was made chief of staff to General Elzey, later reporting to Gen. Robert Ransom. His promotion to lieutenant colonel had been forwarded to Mr. Davis, in the closing days of the war, but the evacuation of Richmond and the close of the war prevented action on this.

Major Chestney was married to Miss Kate Piercy Murphy, in Washington, D. C., and to this union were born three sons and three daughters, who survive with their mother. He also leaves seven grandchildren and one great-grandchild, and one sister, of Washington, D. C.

SAMUEL P. MENDEZ.

After a week's illness, Samuel Proctor Mendez, a resident of Dallas, Tex., since 1879, died at his home in that city on February 23, at the age of eighty-three years. He is survived by his wife, a son, and three daughters; also by four grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

Captain Mendez was a native of Kingston, Jamaica, where he was born October 3, 1843. His father was Jose Mendez, a Jamaican planter and a surgeon in the service of the British army; his mother was Julia Fuertado, said to have been a lineal descendant of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Spain. He was a boy in a Baltimore school at the time war came on in the sixties, when he espoused the cause of the Confederacy, enlisting as a youthful private in General Lee's Army of Northern Virginia, and was at the battle of Seven Pines. He was a member of Mahone's famous brigade and was at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, where he was wounded and captured. After four months in the prison on David's Island, New York, he was paroled, and during the remainder of the conflict he served in a hospital and first aid corps.

He was engaged in business at Columbus, Ga., after the war, when he met Miss Mary Eliza Goolsby, of a prominent French family, and they were married in Alabama in 1870. Five years later the young couple sought their fortune in the newly developing State of Texas and finally located in Dallas, where he was representative for one of the great Georgia cotton mills for a number of years, then established his own business in the handling of cotton mill products, in which he was actively engaged for more than a quarter of a century.

Captain Mendez had always been active in the work of the Confederate associations of Texas and helped to organize Camp Sterling Price, U. C. V., of Dallas. As general chairman of arrangements for Texas, he handled some fifteen or twenty special trains from Texas to the reunion in New Orleans, La., in 1890, which was attended by more Texas veterans than have ever gathered at one reunion.

Captain Mendez was remarkable for his wide range of reading and was counted one of the best-informed men of his community on certain lines. His was the old-time courteous manner, which was his birthright, and which never deserted him, despite his seventy-odd years of residence away from his native land.

THOMAS W. CARTER.

Thomas Walden Carter, one of "Mosby's Men," died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Tom Henderson, at Franklin, Tenn., on January 7, 1926, and was buried at Warrenton, Va.

Comrade Carter was born at the Carter homestead, "Belmont," in Fauquier County, Va., on March 3, 1847. He served as a private in Company D, 43rd Battalion, Virginia Cavalry, Mosby's Command, A. N. V.

He served as postmaster at Orange, Va., for a number of years, and for the last twelve years of his life he lived with his daughter at Franklin.

He is survived by four children—Manley W. Carter, of Orange, Va.; Roy W. Carter, of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Tom Henderson, of Franklin, Tenn.; and Mrs. Eston Johnson, of Thompson Station, Tenn.

He was a true and loyal member of J. W. Starnes Camp, No. 134 U. C. V., and a regular attendant at the meetings. He took great interest in McGavock Confederate Cemetery, spending many hours there planting shrubbery, pulling weeds, and cleaning up the grounds. He was dearly loved by all comrades and will be greatly missed by them. Peace to his ashes!

[W. W. Courtney, *Adjutant.*]

WILLIAM P. ELLIS.

On Thursday morning, the 18th of February, 1926, the soul of William Parham Ellis rejoined the legions of the gray. Wearing his Confederate uniform and Cross of Honor and wrapped in the folds of the Confederate flag, he was laid to rest in Hollywood Cemetery directly in front of the beautiful monument erected last year "in memory of Confederate soldiers who have died or who may die on the Pacific Coast." By their presence and beautiful flowers, representatives of the seven U. D. C. Chapters of Los Angeles, showed their love and reverence for this splendid representative of the "Old South." Captain Ellis came from a family distinguished in Virginia

since 1609, his father, Col. Albert G. Ellis, going from Virginia to Alabama in 1823. His mother was Mary Llewellyn Hewlett, from Mississippi. He was born in Panola, Miss., September 13, 1839, and was educated at St. Thomas Hall and Oxford, Miss. He moved to Alabama, and when the South was threatened with coercion, he volunteered with the Florence Guards in the 7th Regiment, Alabama Infantry on April 1, 1862. He served with Roddy's Company of Scouts, afterwards the 4th Alabama Cavalry, first under Col. P. D. Roddy then under Col. W. A. Johnson, when Colonel Roddy was promoted to brigadier general. He was paroled May 18, 1865, at Wheeler Station, Ala.

Quoting from the Florence, Ala., papers: "Captain Ellis passed away at the age of eighty-seven years. He was a gallant Confederate soldier and served with distinction under Colonel Johnson, General Bragg, and General Roddy. Handsome in appearance, well-educated, brave and courteous, he was much loved by a large circle of friends. After the war, Captain Ellis married Miss Ella Brock, who was one of the beautiful belles of this section, of distinguished appearance and magnetic personality. Captain Ellis modeled his life on the ancient Welsh motto, handed down by his ancestors: "Gweithred y addengys." Surviving are his wife, a son, Capt. Albert Brock Ellis, and two daughters, Mrs. C. P. Hatcher and Mrs. J. C. Richardson, and a granddaughter, all residing in Hollywood, Calif.

JAMES LEWIS PATTERSON.

James Lewis Patterson, a pioneer farmer of Gallatin County, Montana, passed away at his ranch home, three miles south of Bozeman, on March 10, 1926. He was born in Hamilton County, Tenn., March 24, 1843, the son of Lewis and Mary Patterson. He served with Company D, 1st Regiment of Tennessee Cavalry, throughout the War between the States except for some months when he was a prisoner at Rock Island, Ill. After the close of the war, he engaged in the mercantile business in Chattanooga, Tenn., for a few years, and went to Montana in 1872, locating on the ranch which had been his home.

He was married on January 29, 1868, to Eleanor Wads-



CAPT. W. P. ELLIS.

worth, of Rome, Ga., and they were the parents of six children, one son and five daughters. Their oldest child, the son, passed away in 1888. Mrs. Patterson died in 1910.

JOEL YANCY RODES.

Joel Yancy Rodes, one of the few Confederate veterans of the Charleston, W. Va., section, answered to the last roll call on February 15, at the home of his son at Rock Lick. He was born in Greenbrier County, Va. (now West Virginia), on August 15, 1832. While he was a boy, his parents removed to Fayette County, which had since been his home. He had reached the great age of ninety-three years and six months; and his mother lived to be one hundred and six years old.

Comrade Rodes lived to see his country pass through many wars. He was fourteen years old during the war with Mexico; then came the War between the States, and he was one of the first to volunteer in the Confederate ranks, serving throughout the conflict in the famous regiment that was raised and commanded by Capt. W. D. Thurmond, of Fayette County, Va.

In April, 1856, he was married to Miss Mary Jane Withrow, and nine sons and a daughter were born of this union; his wife and three sons preceded him to the grave. He united with the Gatewood Baptist Church in 1889 and had been a consistent member to the end.

MAJ. BARTLETT BOLLING.

On February 8, two days after his eighty-first birthday, Maj. Bartlett Bolling answered to the sudden summons of the last roll call while visiting at the home of a friend at Cismont, near Charlottesville, Va. Soon after his marriage in 1881, his home had been the eastern part of this county, and he had become prominent in the life of the community. And thus it was that his last days were spent near the beloved old home, and in the old churchyard, of which he was a trustee, he was laid away in that last long sleep. Impressive were the services at the grave, held in the midst of a snow storm, and a white mantle covered the earth with its pall of beauty as the requiem for the dead was read.

Bartlett Bolling was born February 6, 1845, at Center Hill, Petersburg, Va., the son of Col. Bartlett B. Bolling and Sarah Melville Minge. He was sixth in descent from Robert Bolling, of the Bollings of Bolling Hall, Bradford, Yorkshire, England, who settled in Virginia in 1660. His grandfather, Robert Bolling, was an officer of the American Revolution.

At the age of eighteen, Bartlett Bolling enlisted under Col. John S. Mosby, being one of six brothers then in the Confederate army. He was wounded and captured, then imprisoned at Camp Chase, Johnson's Island, and Fort Delaware. When released, he again served with Mosby to General Lee's surrender, and had started South to join Johnston's army when he learned of his surrender in North Carolina. To the end of his life, Major Bolling was interested in the Confederate veteran association, promoting its welfare and helping those in need. He had served as Commander of the John Bowie Strange Camp, U. C. V., and was always active in preserving the memories of the trying days of the Confederacy.

In 1881, after his marriage to Miss Meta Lomax Stuart, of Alexandria, Va., Major Bolling settled at Castalia in Albemarle County, and lived there for a number of years. Subsequently he removed to Charlottesville, and in late years had spent part of his time in Lynchburg, Roanoke, and Washington, D. C. He was one of a family of nine, of whom only two now survive. Most of his life had been spent on

his farms, but his late years were largely given to management of his real estate holdings, and he was also vice president and director of the Old Jefferson National Bank of Charlottesville. He is survived by four sons and two daughters.

JULIAN A. JOHNSON.

Julian A. Johnson was born December 5, 1841, near Staunton, Va., on the same homestead where his father was born one hundred and fifty years ago, which bore a colonial grant from the king of England and was in the family to the end of the War between the States. He died February 10, 1926, at Parma, Idaho.

Comrade Johnson was an officer in Company E, of the famous Black Horse Cavalry of Virginia, which was among the first troops to reach Harper's Ferry. He also served on the staffs of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, Stonewall Jackson, and Fitzhugh Lee, and was with the first two at the time they were mortally wounded.

Although he had active service throughout the entire period of the war, and saw his company with an enlistment of over two hundred and fifty men dwindle to less than twenty-five in active service at the end and had three horses killed under him, he came through without a wound.

Like every true soldier, some of his warmest personal friends in after years were among the men he fought against, and their passing was of real sorrow to him; and as year after year their ranks grow thinner and thinner, their respect for one another turned to true brotherly love.

He left his native State shortly after the close of the war and, with his wife, who was Lucy Ella Kennerly, to whom he was married February 22, 1866, he went into the new West. He pioneered in several Western States, later going to Colorado, in 1880, and then to Idaho nearly twenty years ago. In his active years he played a leading part in the development of his community, especially Church and religious work.

He is survived by his wife, one daughter, and three sons.

MAJ. CHARLES HENRY GILLILAND, U. C. V.

Maj. C. H. Gilliland, son of Hugh and Betsy Ann Gilliland, was born in Chambers County, Ala., March 25, 1845. He enlisted for service in the War between the States at Montgomery, Ala., in May, 1863, in Company C, 61st Alabama, Battle's Brigade. He entered service at Tuskegee, and was sent from there back to Montgomery; later on to Chickasaw River, Miss., from there to Mobile, then to Pollard, and back to Montgomery. During this time he had typhoid fever and smallpox, and in the Christmas holidays of the same year, he requested that he be sent to his regiment at Richmond, Va., and was sent under protest from his hospital physician. He finally reached his command in the Shenandoah Valley, and learned that his brother was killed that same day. He saw service in several battles under Early's command, being wounded twice, and was standing by when General Rodes was killed. He was captured April 2, 1865, at Petersburg, Va., and taken to Point Lookout, where he was confined until the close of the war, when he was sent to Mobile and from there home.

After reaching home, he, being the eldest boy, undertook to support his widowed mother and family. He never had the opportunity of a common school education. He lived on the farm until he was forty years old, when he moved to Goodwater, Ala., and entered the mercantile business. Later, he organized the People's Trust and Savings Bank, of which he was president until his death, December 22, 1925.

In 1920 he was appointed captain on the staff of Gen. John Wilson, U. C. V., and later served as major.

He is survived by his wife and two sons. He was an in-

fluent man in his home town and community and will be greatly missed.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER HAMMOND.

On December 21, 1925, as devoted a Confederate veteran as ever lived answered his last roll call. Even in death, he still looked the soldier.

William Alexander Hammond, the son of Benjamin F. and Mary Miles Hammond, was born March 3, 1839, in Anderson County, S. C., where he grew up. He was educated at the Williamston Academy, Williamston, S. C.

He enlisted in the service of the Confederacy at Columbia, S. C., on April 13, 1861, in Company B, Regiment 4, of South Carolina Infantry. On April 16, 1862, he was transferred to Company B, of the 37th Virginia Cavalry, under

WILLIAM ALEXANDER HAMMOND.

command of Lieut. Col. A. C. Dunn, where he served throughout the remainder of the war.

Upon his entry into the army in 1861, his oldest sister, Ann Elizabeth, presented him with a Bible as his guide. Upon the flyleaf of this Bible, which is now a cherished possession of his family, is written in his own hand: "This Bible, I, W. A. Hammond, carried in my pocket from April, 1861, through the First Battle of Manassas, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Gaines's Mill, Frazier's Farm, and Malvern Hill."

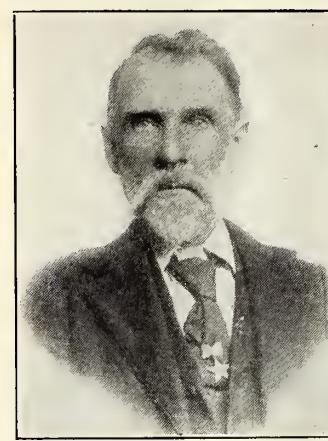
The lieutenant of his cavalry company said of his service: "He was never absent from his company except when he was on detached duty as courier for Gen. Bradley T. Johnson through the Maryland and Pennsylvania campaign of 1864. He was at one time cut off in the enemy's line, and, after having been given up as lost, he made his way through the enemy's line and rejoined his command near Winchester, Va. While on duty he was disabled by his horse falling on him. His foot and leg were crushed, and he was left at a farmhouse in the mountains of Virginia on January 22, 1865. His command marched on into the mountains of South Carolina. He was not able for duty again until after the surrender of Gen. Robert E. Lee, when his command was discharged in Greenville, S. C." Although still disabled, he was honorably discharged after General Lee's surrender and was paroled May 21, 1865.

During the Reconstruction period he was made captain of an organization of Home Guards in South Carolina, which title he bore to the time of his death. Since 1877, he had lived continuously on his farm near Williston, Fla.

He was married to Miss Emma Isabella Williams and is survived by his wife, a son, and a daughter.

He had always been a loyal veteran of the Confederacy and attended every State and general reunion that he could, the last being the thirty-fifth annual Florida reunion at Gainesville the month before his death. He was for several years Adjutant of Camp George T. Ward, No. 1090 U. C. V., at Williston, Fla.

All who knew his kindly heart would unhesitatingly admit him as of the tribe of Abou Ben Adhem; and in the "Angel's Book of Gold, with the names of those whom love of God has blest, his name must (like Abou's) lead all the rest."



Comrades of a Texas Camp.

S. L. Fite was born in 1840, in Holly Springs, Miss., and died on the 14th day of July, 1925, at his home near Carthage, Tex. He came to Texas when a small boy, and in 1861, he joined the second company that left the county for the Confederate army. He was a member of Company F, 10th Texas, Ector's Brigade, and there was not a better soldier in the army, ever ready whenever called to duty, on guard, or in battle.

Moses Taylor was a member of Harris Randall Camp, U. C. V. No. 163, Carthage, Tex., and was born the 14th day of November, 1839. He joined the Georgia Sharpshooters, Watkins' Brigade, C. S. A., and was paroled at Griffin, Ga., in May, 1865. He died on the 4th day of January, 1926—a member of the Baptist Church, a good man and citizen.

Landrum Morgan, Company E, North Carolina Militia, served in South Carolina and was in several battles. He was born in North Carolina on the 14th of September, 1848. He was a member of Harris Randall Camp, U. C. V., in good standing, at Carthage, Tex., and departed this life on the 1st day of January, 1926.

[J. P. Forsyth and O. P. Carswell, Committee.]

Charner S. Morris.

Comrade Charner S. Morris, of Dalhart, Tex., passed away at Wichita Falls, August 19, 1925, while en route to his old home at Breckenridge, "C. S." Morris, as his friends called him, was born in DeKalb County, Ga., October 27, 1847. Of true Southern ancestry, his heart throbbed with patriotic fire and fervor in response to his country's call, and at the tender age of sixteen he enlisted in the Southern cause, becoming a member of Bell's Battalion, known as the Bowden (Georgia) Volunteers, in July, 1863. After one year's service in this battalion, he was transferred to the 41st Georgia Regiment, and was in active service from the time of his enlistment until he received his discharge at LaGrange, Ga., April 9, 1865. He returned to his home in Georgia, but the call of the West was upon him, and he migrated to Texas in 1868. When the veterans of the sixties began the organization of the United Confederate Veterans, he became a charter member of the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, of Breckenridge, Tex., one of the first Camps organized in the State. Later on he transferred his membership to the R. E. Lee Camp of Fort Worth. His last request was to be laid to rest in his gray uniform, which he so much loved. The Confederate battle flag draped his casket, and was later placed upon his grave at Breckenridge. Two daughters and a son survive him, also a brother and two sisters, of Fort Worth.

Comrades of Mississippi.

The following losses occurred in Camp R. G. Prewett, No. 439 U. C. V., of Ackerman, Miss., during 1924-25:

J. J. Carter, Company I, 15th Mississippi Regiment, died April 2, 1924. He was a valiant soldier for his country and a true and tried soldier of the cross after the war. A leader in the Baptist Church.

J. W. Catledge died October 13, 1924.

R. H. Bell died April 15, 1925.

J. B. Johnson died April, 1925.

Elihu Love, Company I, 15th Mississippi Regiment, was a gallant soldier for his country and a life-long member of the Presbyterian Church. He died September 2, 1925, aged about ninety-four years, loved and respected by all who knew him.

[J. A. Holmes, Adjutant.]

Isaac B. Wheeler.

Comrade Isaac B. Wheeler died in the Confederate Home in Richmond, Va., February 26, 1926, in his eighty-second year. When about seventeen, he volunteered in the Hampton Grays and served faithfully through the whole war. The Hampton Grays, with other companies of the Virginia Peninsula, formed the 32nd Virginia Regiment of Infantry. The regiment served the first year with Gen. I. Bankhead Magruder on the Peninsula, fought at Williamsburg and Malvern Hill and under Semmes at Sharpsburg, Md.; was then put in Corse's Brigade, Pickett's Division, and fought in all the division battles up to the close of the war, except Gettysburg, when held in Virginia to protect General Lee's communications.

Comrade Wheeler was captured at Five Forks, or Sailors' Creek, and remained in prison at Point Lookout for some months after the war. He taught school in York County, Va., for a while, then followed his trade as a carpenter and contractor. He was born in York County, but spent much of his life in Hampton. He had been in the Home only a very short time, under treatment in the hospital. He was a member of the local Carpenters' and Farmers' Union, No. 837; Wyoming Tribe, No. 49, Improved Order of Red Men; and R. E. Lee Camp, No. 485, U. C. V., and was a steward and trustee in the Central Methodist Church. He was a brave soldier and man of strict integrity, and a lovable companion.

[Joseph R. Haw.]

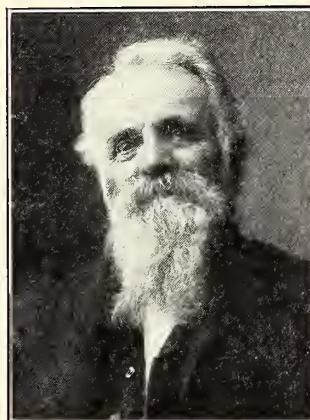
Thomas Jefferson Bishop.

Thomas J. Bishop died at his home near Jones Spring, Berkley County, W. Va., on October 6, 1925, at the ripe age of eighty years. He was born in the same county on January 24, 1845, and spent his entire life there with the exception of a year or two in the West when a young man, and about two years in the Confederate army.

Thomas Bishop enlisted in the Confederate army in the summer of 1863, then a boy of eighteen, becoming a member of Company C, of the 7th Virginia Cavalry, Ashby's "Laurel Brigade," and served throughout the memorable campaign of 1864 in the Wilderness; was with Early on his Washington expedition in July, and was severely wounded at the battle of Cedar Creek. With his brother and another comrade, he was captured on January 29, 1865, while doing picket duty in the Valley, and was sent to Fort McHenry at Baltimore, where he had a strenuous time until exchanged about March 1.

Ever loyal to the cause for which he fought, he loved the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and as long as he was able to read, it was the first to be read among the many publications which came to his home. He loved the cause of Christ and had enlisted his life in his service more than thirty years ago.

Comrade Bishop was twice married, his first wife being Miss Texanna Barney, and to them were born two sons and three daughters, who survive with the second wife, who was Mrs. Mollie H. Wilson. A maiden sister is also left, who lives at the old homestead, and who is now eighty-eight years of age, one of those loyal, patriotic women of the South.



THOMAS JEFFERSON BISHOP.

Confederate Veteran.

VIRGINIA COMRADES.

Capt. James H. Ballard died at the Confederate Home in Richmond, Va., on February 23 and was buried in Maplewood Cemetery at Charlottesville.

Captain Ballard was a native of Albemarle County, having been born about eighty-eight years ago at Ballard's Mill, now known as Millington.

He entered the Confederate service as a private and won the rank of captain. He was a member of Company K, 4th Virginia Cavalry.

In recent years Captain Ballard was a frequent visitor to Charlottesville. He is survived by one daughter, of Nelson County, Va., and several sons, who reside in distant States.

J. H. Herron, Confederate veteran, who died at his home near Proffit, Va., after a brief illness, was in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

He was a native of Albemarle County, where he spent practically his entire life. He volunteered in the service of Company E,—Virginia Regiment, and served throughout the four years of war in the sixties.

Comrade Herron was twice married and is survived by his wife and by one daughter. He also leaves one brother, A. C. Herron, of Richmond.

John N. James, who died January 29, in Waynesboro, Va., was laid to rest in the family burying ground in Sugar Hollow, near Crozet. Six grandsons were the pallbearers. Many beautiful flowers expressed the love and esteem of relatives and friends, and Confederate flags, sent by Albemarle Chapter, U. D. C., of Charlottesville and the Kate Noland Garnett Chapter, of Crozet, were placed upon his bier.

Comrade James was eighty-six years old. He was a member of the 5th South Carolina Regiment of Infantry, and participated in most of the leading battles of the war; was once wounded, and was captured just three days before the surrender at Appomattox. He was a gentleman of unusual refinement and intelligence. He married Miss Frances A. Via, who died in 1916, and he is survived by six sons and four daughters.

Cornelius Cook, well-known resident of Shenandoah County, Va., died at the home of his son, James Cook, near Columbia Furnace, on March 6, 1926, aged eighty-four years.

He was born in Shenandoah County, February 12, 1842, and in December 1865, he was married to Miss Alverda Clower, member of a well-known Shenandoah County family, who preceded him to the spirit world. Surviving are one daughter and seven sons, fifty grandchildren, and forty great-grandchildren.

During a long and useful life Mr. Cook attracted to him many friends by whom he was loved and held in high esteem. He was a gallant member of the Confederate army, having served in Company K, 47th Virginia Cavalry.

Alexander Perry Seview, prominent citizen of Shenandoah County, Va., died on March 8, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. S. Coffman, in Washington, D. C. after failing health for a year. He was a descendant of an old French family, who were among the early settlers of the Shenandoah Valley. While some member of the family changed their names to Sibert, he retained the original name of the family which received grants of land from Lord Fairfax.

Mr. Seview was born October 31, 1846. He was married to Miss Rebecca Frances Hisey, who died in 1919. He was a well-known Confederate veteran, having served in Company F, 12th Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's Brigade. For many years he had been an official member of the Wesley Chapel Methodist Church, and for eighteen years was superintendent of the Sunday school.

In earlier life he taught vocal music, having classes in various points in the Valley, and in later years devoted his attention to farming.

Surviving are two daughters and one aged brother.

Willis Green Swann, highly esteemed citizen of Shenandoah County, Va., died at his home in Edinburg on March 11. He was born at Columbia Furnace nearly eighty years ago, and in 1869 was married to Miss Virginia Isabel Miley, of near Woodstock. He was a gallant Confederate cavalryman, having served in Company G, 23rd Virginia Cavalry, Imboden's Brigade, under two noted Virginians, Capt. H. H. Riddleberger, afterwards U. S. Senator from Virginia, and Col. Charles T. O'Ferrall, afterwards governor of Virginia.

For many years he had been an active member of the Christian Church. Surviving with his wife are three sons, one daughter, and thirteen grandchildren; also one brother.

W. C. CROFT.

W. C. Croft, one of the oldest and best-loved citizens of Fulton, Ky., died on July 20, 1925, after many months of illness, aged eighty-three years. He was born on March 6, 1842. He is survived by his wife, one son, five grandsons, and three great-grandchildren. He was a member of the Primitive Baptist Church, holding membership in Old Bethel Church for many years. He had served as justice of the peace in Weakley County and was also twice elected trustee of the same county, which office he filled in a very satisfactory manner. He served as director of the Confederate Home in Pewee Valley, Ky., until his death, and had been vice president of the City National Bank since it was organized. For more than forty years he served in some official capacity, and it was recognized that his word was as good as his bond under any and all circumstances.

As in time of peace, Mr. Croft was equally distinguished in time of war. He enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of nineteen, in Weakley County, Tenn., and was assigned to the 31st Tennessee Regiment. His first active engagement was at Belmont, Mo., and later on his regiment took part in the battles of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Missionary Ridge, and Lookout Mountain. For months that regiment was in almost constant contact with the Federal forces. In 1864 he was given a furlough, and later found it impossible to rejoin his regiment. He then rode to Memphis and enlisted in Forrest's command, and with it had part in the fighting at Franklin and Nashville, Tenn. Comrade Croft had a vivid memory, and many interesting stories have been heard from his lips concerning those stirring days when North and South were at grips with each other.

"He left his impress upon his community, and his work will live after him."

JOSEPH L. JOHNSON.

Joseph L. Johnson, born in Johnston County, N. C., November 3, 1845, died at his home in Mebane, N. C., on January 19, after some years of impaired health. At the age of sixteen, he volunteered in the Confederate service and became a member of the 24th North Carolina Volunteers. His company was the "Clayton Yellow Jackets." He was taken prisoner (not known where), and was in prison at Elmira, N. Y., for eight months.

[Comrade Johnson's daughter, Miss Mattie E. Johnson, of Mebane, N. C., would appreciate hearing from any old comrades of her father or anyone who can give information as to the records of those who were imprisoned at Elmira.]

LIEUT. HOPKINS HARDIN.

Another one of the "Immortal Six Hundred" has been taken from this earthly life in the passing of Lieut. Hopkins Hardin, at the Confederate Home of Missouri on February 13. His home was in Independence, Mo., but it was his habit to spend the winters with his old comrades at Higginsville, and it was there that he answered to the last roll call.

Lieutenant Hardin was born near Scottsville, Va., and enlisted in the Confederate army in April, 1861, being assigned to the 19th Virginia Regiment, of Pickett's Division, and later was made lieutenant of Company C. He took part in many battles, of which were First Manassas, Williamsburg, Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg, where he was desperately wounded and lay on the battle field two days and nights. He was then taken in charge by the enemy and spent the remainder of the war as a prisoner at Fort McHenry, Point Lookout, Fort Delaware, Fort Pulaski, and Morris Island. At the last place he was one of the six hundred prisoners exposed to the fire of the Confederate guns. He was released at Fort Delaware in June, 1865. Among his most cherished possessions was a little notebook which had arrested a Federal bullet and saved his life.

After the war, Comrade Hardin removed his family to Missouri; his wife died in 1918, and he is survived by two sons and five daughters; also a brother and sister, the latter of Charlottesville, Va. He was eighty-six years of age, and had been in failing health for some months.

ALABAMA COMRADES.

The following members of Camp Mace Kinney, No. 1660 U. C. V., of Samson, Ala., have died within the last year. The average age was over eighty-three years, the youngest being seventy-nine years and eldest over ninety-four years:

D. J. McRee, Company B, 57th Alabama Infantry.
Richard Mills, Company K, 25th Alabama Infantry.
Allen McCall, Company K, 37th Alabama Infantry.
James M. Martin, Company E, 42nd Alabama Infantry.
George Osteen, Company F, 37th Alabama Infantry.
James M. Salter, Company I, 33rd Alabama Infantry.
Joshua Bowen, Company I, 46th Alabama Infantry.
M. L. D. Cruse, Company E, 54th Alabama Infantry.
W. R. Buffalo, Company B, 39th Alabama Infantry.
F. M. Cain, Company A, 33rd Alabama Infantry.
G. B. Phillips, Company H, 53rd Alabama Cavalry.
W. W. Rye, Company C, 8th Alabama Cavalry.
H. H. Mercer, Company D, 6th Florida Infantry.
[J. J. Jones, *Captain Commander*. Attest: Y. W. Baker, *Adjutant*.]

VINCENT G. MOORE.

Vincent Garrett Moore, born in Kearneysville, W. Va., April 15, 1843, died in New York City on December 11, 1925, in his eighty-third year.

In April, 1861, he joined the Bates Grays, which became Company C, of the 2nd Virginia Regiment, and served with the famous Stonewall Brigade, participating in the first battle of Manassas and in Jackson's Valley campaign up to June, 1862. He then joined Company A, 12th Virginia Cavalry, and was under Gen. Jeb Stuart, Wade Hampton commanding, until the surrender of April, 1865, this including all the cavalry service during that time in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania. During the time he was also a courier for Gen. A. P. Hill, and in the fall of 1864, as a scout in the Valley of Virginia; was captured in December and taken to Point Lookout, Md., from which prison he was released in June, 1865.

Comrade Moore was married twice, his first wife being Miss Mary F. Hampshire; his second wife, who was Miss Margaret West, survives him.

FRANK MCKIMMY.

Frank McKimmy, one of the oldest and most highly esteemed citizens of the county, died at his home near Luckett, Md., in his eighty-sixth year.

He was a retired farmer and had spent all of his long and useful life in this county.

Comrade McKimmy served throughout the War between the States with great distinction and bravery and was a member of the rapidly dwindling band now composing Clinton Hatcher Camp of Confederate Veterans.

He is survived by five sons. "Side by side we fought through the whole war in Company K, 6th Virginia Cavalry," writes his old friend, D. C. Brady, of Adamstown, Md.

MRS. THOMAS BAXTER GRESHAM—IN MEMORIAM.

In the death of Mrs. Thomas Baxter Gresham, which occurred February 21, 1926, Baltimore Chapter No. 8 and the Maryland Division, U. D. C., have sustained a great bereavement.

She was the daughter of Thomas Donaldson Johnston, of Baltimore, and lived her entire life in this city. Miss Johnston married a brave and gallant soldier of General Lee's army, who survives her. One of her brothers, who was on General Ewell's staff, suffered the loss of a leg at the battle of Sharpsburg; her two other brothers were active Southern sympathizers and were under constant surveillance by Federal authorities for giving all possible aid to the Confederacy; her home was a center from which radiated help. Reared in this atmosphere of deep love for our "cause," she became an ardent and unreconstructed Confederate.

During her girlhood Miss Johnston was acquainted with many Southern generals and received from them letters, photographs, and autographs, also a number of gifts. A large portion of these mementos she presented to the Maryland Historical Society, where they are greatly treasured and occupy a valued space.

Mrs. Gresham was the last surviving charter member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in the State. The Baltimore Chapter of this Society was organized in the parlors of her home, and she was a member of the governing board from its inception and for many years its Recording Secretary. It was owing to her efforts that the design for the Confederate monument, by F. Wellington Ruckstull, was submitted to the Daughters in Maryland. She helped to secure the erection of the woman's monument and contributed generously to the Stone Mountain fund.

In the passing of this valued officer, whose loss we deeply deplore, one has gone from us whose convictions ever remained unchanged. The flower of Confederate loyalty and devotion took root and blossomed in the soil of her soul, grew and spread its fragrance over her entire life. We mourn her demise, but, having "crossed over the river," we are glad in the assurance that she now enjoys perfect peace and rest eternal in the presence of Almighty God.

[Mrs. Preston Power, Editor, Maryland Division, U. D. C.]

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, President General
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. *First Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va. *Second Vice President General*
MISS KATIE DAFFAN, Ennis, Tex. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City. *Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street
MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. *Corresponding Secretary General*
2233 Brainard Street

MRS. R. H. RAMSEY, Little Rock, Ark. *Treasurer General*
MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. *Historian General*
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert
MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
1622 West Broadway
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. C. Ford, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: The President General was informed by official notification of the American National Red Cross of the dedication of the completed Red Cross Memorial Building, to take place Saturday, February 20, in Washington, D. C.

Since the beginning of this building, the organization of the U. D. C. has felt great interest in its completion because of its beautiful significance, in that it is a memorial to the women of the North and of the South. In it the U. D. C. placed a handsome window to the memory of the Southern women, and have united with the women of the North in placing the memorial window in the center to the memory of the American Red Cross.

During the term of Mrs. Schuyler, these windows were dedicated with brilliant ceremony.

It behooved the U. D. C. to be represented at the time of its completion. Therefore, the President General went in person as the official representative. The dedication of the two handsome flagstaffs and the white marble balustrade in front of the Red Cross Memorial Building marked the official completion of this structure, started thirteen years ago.

Government officials, representatives of the Woman's Relief Corps and of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Confederate veterans, officers of the army, navy, and Marine Corps and of the Red Cross were present at the ceremonies.

This Memorial commemorates the heroism of the Women of the North and South during the War between the States. Judge John Barton Payne, Chairman of the American Red Cross Memorial Building, in an address, said that the memorial idea was conceived in a conversation between Capt. James A. Scrymser and Gen. Francis C. Barlow, in 1896. The Scrymser family made the first contribution, \$100,000, in 1913. This was with the thought that the Memorial would be only to the Women of the North. When it was found that it would be a memorial to both the women of the North and of the South, the Scrymser family contributed an additional hundred thousand.

On Saturday, the 20th, the Hon. John Leonard Merrill, of New York, representing the family, presented the flagstaffs and balustrades, which were received by Judge Payne. The Misses Grant, great-granddaughters of Gen. U. S. Grant, held the lanyards upon which the flags were pulled to position. As the United States Marine Band played "The Star-Spangled Banner," the U. S. flag was drawn to the top of one staff and the Red Cross Flag to the top of the other.

"His Banner over us was Love."

As the Gray and the Blue united in the khaki-clad Immortals who won undying fame on Flanders Field, so the women of the North and the women of the South united under the Banner of the Red Cross in showing forth love of mankind in times of bitterness and hatred and in healing the wounds of a grief-stricken world.

It was a great pleasure to be so hospitably received in the building by Dr. Green and Judge John Barton Payne and other representatives of the Red Cross and to have a part as the representative of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in this beautiful memorial.

ARLINGTON MEMORIAL BRIDGE.

The project for the construction of a Memorial Bridge across the Potomac River from Washington to the Arlington Cemetery has been considered from time to time for more than seventy-five years, apparently being first suggested by President Andrew Jackson. The bridge, as now authorized by Congress, will be completed in ten years, but will be ready for traffic in five years. It will probably cost twenty million dollars. When completed, it will make the greatest single memorial project undertaken by any nation in recent times. It will span the river from the Lincoln Memorial to the Lee Mansion, "binding together the North and the South in one indivisible Union, knowing no sectional lines."

The President General was fortunate in having a conference with Maj. U. S. Grant, grandson of the General, and engineer in charge of the Memorial Bridge. The dignity and courtesy and kind consideration of Major Grant in giving such information as was possible concerning the memorial approach to Arlington were greatly appreciated by the President General, realizing it was a courtesy extended the great organization she represented and realizing also the significance of a conference between the representative of the descendants of the men who followed Lee and the descendant of Gen. U. S. Grant.

THE ARLINGTON AMPHITHEATER.

The Memorial Amphitheater is situated on an eminence in Arlington overlooking Washington. It is built of white marble in the form of an ellipse, the front formed by a temple. Directly in front is the tomb of the Unknown Soldier whose body was brought from France and buried with impressive ceremonies on November 11, 1921. In this temple is the bronze insignia of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Cross of Service, marked with a circle, and placed originally upon the grave of the Unknown Soldier. On the outer walls of the temple are the names of great military men of this country, which include the names of Washington

and Andrew Jackson. The U. D. C. have committees on Arlington Approach and on Arlington Amphitheater, which will report what progress has been made when the organization meets in Richmond in November.

On February 22, the President General was the recipient of courtesies on the part of Miss Chenowith, of the D. A. R., and of the President General, D. A. R., Mrs. Anthony Wayne Cook, from whom an invitation was extended to be present at the observance of the day in Memorial Continental Hall, and to occupy a seat in one of the boxes reserved for guests; Mrs. Cook also kindly offered to send her automobile. The exercises were most inspiring, and it was pleasant to meet again the President General of the D. A. R. and her friends. After this, your President General made the trip to Mount Vernon and, through the influence of Maj. and Mrs. Wallace Streeter and Mrs. R. E. Lee, by whom she was accompanied, the gates to the tomb of Washington were opened and she was allowed to enter and place upon the grave a wreath of laurel leaves tied with red, white, and red ribbon, in the name of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Lee's automobile was constantly at the service of the President General. Every thoughtful kindness was done for her pleasure. The Daughters of the District gave a tea at which were present representatives of all Chapters of the District. There were also visits by delegations of Confederate veterans, a theater party, luncheons, and trips to points of interest.

The President General extends to those friends in Washington her most grateful appreciation.

WHAT IT MEANS TO FEDERATE.

Attention has been very forcibly called to the fact that the matter of federating is concerning the various Chapters and is a question which seems to be very confusing.

Last year, two members of the Board were requested to define "federate" simply for the use of the Board itself. For the benefit of all interested, the definition is here given: "Your committee to define 'federate,' as it applies to this organization, submits the following: 'federate' means to join in an association in which the constituent parts each surrenders at least some of their freedom of action."

When asked concerning this matter of federating as it applies to the U. D. C. acting on other boards, etc., the President General has given the following answer: "For any officer of the organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, of Chapters, Divisions, or members of the Executive Board to accept positions on other governing boards and to be subservient to other officers and other by-laws, which may be in conflict with those of the U. D. C., is in the nature of federating, which is positively prohibited by the by-laws of the United Daughters of the Confederacy."

It is interesting to note that Mrs. McSherry, President General in 1910, had this question propounded her and answered as follows: "Your President General construes federation to mean 'united by agreement and compact, transacting business together as one body.'"

During the term of Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler the question agitated her Daughters to such an extent that she saw fit to deal with it in her annual report in Birmingham, Ala. As her definition is very clear, it is given to you in this letter, as the Daughters should grasp this matter and have a full and clear understanding of the difference between "federating" and "coöperating." Mrs. Schuyler states: "The by-laws of the United Daughters of the Confederacy state (Article III, Section 7) that Divisions and Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy are prohibited from

federating with other organizations. Notwithstanding this prohibition, there still seems to be some confusion in the minds of many members as to what federation really means, for Chapters of this organization have joined with other clubs in communities and formed a central body, with a constitution and by-laws, to which they pay a tax and send representatives. This is federation and not coöperation, although the central group be entirely local; for any delegated body is a federation."

IN MEMORIAM.

In the sudden death of Mrs. Andrew L. Dowdell, of Montgomery, Ala., a former Secretary General, U. D. C., and a co-worker of highest ability and forcefulness, the Daughters have suffered an irreparable loss. A committee has been requested to properly and suitably memorialize this splendid woman, whose passing leaves her associates saddened and sorrowful. To her husband and brothers and to her sister, Mrs. B. B. Ross, sincerest expressions of sympathy are extended.

To Mrs. B. A. Blenner, of Richmond, Va., who has labored so unceasingly for the good of the U. D. C., the love and tender solicitude of each Daughter of the Confederacy is offered in these dark hours of sorrow over the passing of her only sister, who, during the beautiful Christmas season, was called to her heavenly home.

RUTH JENNINGS LAWTON.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Arkansas Division.—The Arkansas Confederate Home was a scene of interesting activity on Sunday afternoon, February 14, when the four U. D. C. Chapters of Little Rock joined the veterans to entertain the heroes in gray. Two battle flags which had been carried through the war by Colonel Pindall's sharpshooters were presented by the son of the Confederate colonel, ex-Governor Pindall, to Camp Robert C. Newton, U. C. V.

These flags are now displayed in the Museum of the Arkansas History Commission at Little Rock.

* * *

Boston Chapter.—The annual luncheon of the Boston Chapter was held in Hotel Somerset, January 19. His excellency, Thomas G. McLeod, governor of South Carolina, and Rev. Barrett P. Tyler, rector of All Saints' Church, Brookline, were the principal speakers. Interesting messages were given also by Gen. Morris Schaff, author of a life of Jefferson Davis, and Maj. Gen. Preston Brown, U. S. A., commander of the First Corps Area.

Mrs. James C. Peabody, vice president of the Daughters of Colonial Wars; Mrs. Edward Crosby, president of War of 1812; Mrs. Francis B. Sayre, daughter of President Wilson; Mrs. Gerald Richmond, president of the Rhode Island Chapter, and Mrs. R. H. Chesley, founder of the Boston Chapter, brought greetings.

Miss Jennie G. Moseley, regent of the Jennie Glover Chapter, Daughters of the Union, was a guest.

* * *

California Division.—Much interest centered around the Southern luncheon recently given by the Chapters of Southern California at the Biltmore. A most interesting feature was the table presided over by Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Douglas, where a number of the old alumni association, the Kappa Alphas, were present. This famous old fraternity had its inception at William and Mary College, Va., in 1791, and was reorganized in its present form under the personal sponsorship of Gen. Robert E. Lee, at Lexington, Va.

Confederate Veteran.

The William G. McAdoo Chapter, of which Mrs. E. P. Werner is President, was hostess for this occasion, and Mrs. Chester A. Garfield, Division President, was guest of honor. William G. McAdoo was the speaker of the day.

* * *

Illinois Division.—The Illinois Division is looking forward to a most successful year under its new President, Mrs. D. J. Carter. Mrs. Carter has served the U. D. C. for many years, both in South Carolina, her native State, and in Illinois, having held various offices of trust in the Division and in Chicago Chapter, of which she is a Past President.

Mrs. Carter inaugurated her régime with a luncheon at the Auditorium Hotel, to which was invited both the outgoing and incoming boards. The prevailing spirit was the harmony, love, and devotion to the U. D. C. During the luncheon, Mrs. John A. Lee, founder and Honorary President of the Division, acted as toast mistress and called for toasts to their native States from each one present. Almost every State that served the Confederacy was represented—Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky (by five daughters), Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri (by three), South Carolina (two), Tennessee, and Virginia (two).

The program for observance of Gen. Lee's birthday, was excellent. The music was exceptionally fine, and the speaker of the evening, Mrs. Lottie K. Brown, gave an illustrated lecture on General Lee that held the closest attention of her audience, and proved most illuminating to Northern friends that were present. Many of the latter expressed deep appreciation of the truths presented, which were given tactfully, kindly, and yet forcibly.

It is through the observance of General Lee's birthday and the ceremonial at Oakwoods Cemetery on Memorial Day that Illinois Division endeavors to put across a message of love and enlightenment to the Northern peoples among whom they live, and from whom they almost always receive cordial coöperation and appreciation.

* * *

Louisiana.—The Edward Sparrow Chapter, of Lake Providence, celebrated its Silver Anniversary on December 9, with an elaborate program and reception. Mrs. W. M. White, who has always been the President of this Chapter, was honored in having her golden wedding anniversary celebrated at the same time by the Chapter, making this an unusually brilliant affair.

The Louisiana Division entertained at the Confederate Home on Sunday, January 17, with Mrs. Florence C. Tompkins, President of Louisiana Division, in charge of the program. Mrs. Tompkins read a beautiful letter from Bishop Beverly Tucker in appreciation of the reception tendered him by the Daughters of the Confederacy at the Home during his visit to New Orleans, in attendance at the Episcopal Convention. Bishop Tucker expressed love and affection for his comrades, and pronounced benediction on them at the close of his letter. Mrs. E. C. Lively read a poem by Bishop Tucker, and Mrs. Alyce Martin sang beautifully several songs.

Gen. Robert E. Lee's birthday was fittingly celebrated at the Memorial Hall on Tuesday, January 19, under the auspices of the New Orleans Chapter No. 72, assisted by the Stonewall Jackson and the Fitzhugh Lee Chapters. Mr. Clancy Latham, Commander of Camp Beauregard, represented the Sons of Veterans and Mrs. Florence Tompkins made the address of the evening on Robert E. Lee. Several Crosses of Honor were bestowed.

Stonewall Jackson Chapter, of New Orleans, celebrated the birthday of Gen. Stonewall Jackson by giving a fruit and nut party at the Confederate Home on Januray 21.

Maryland Division.—For the first time in the history of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Gov. Albert C. Ritchie received the members of Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, at the State House in Annapolis, on Washington's birthday.

Miss Bessie West, Division Recorder of Crosses, 2625 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md., wishes to purchase a Confederate stamp, and will be glad to hear from anyone having one for sale.

Mrs. Preston Power, Division Editor, has been appointed editor of Baltimore Chapter.

Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, of Hagerstown, celebrated the birthdays of Generals Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson and Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury at their regular meeting. Mrs. A. M. Smith, Historian of the Chapter, had charge of the program. An interesting paper on General Lee was read by one of the members. A card party recently given cleared one hundred dollars. Mrs. Franklin Canby was general chairman. Four new members were admitted to the Chapter.

The Executive Committee of the Maryland Division met at the home of the Third Vice President, Mrs. Paul Iglehart, on the 21st of January, to discuss important business. The new President, Mrs. John Winfield Harrison of Bengies, Md., presided.

The anniversary of the birthdays of Generals Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson were celebrated with the usual interest and enthusiasm on January 19 by Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, Mrs. William McMechen Buchanan, President, occupying the chair. The eulogy on the two greatest generals the world has ever known were delivered by Mr. B. Howell Griswold, Jr., and from New York came Dr. Bolling Lee, grandson of General Lee, to attend the ceremonies. Crosses of Honor were bestowed upon Dr. Hugh Hampton Young, Dr. Hugh L. Brent, Miss Anna E. Edwards, and Mr. George A. Whiting. Dr. Young, colonel in A. E. F., received both Honor and Service Crosses. Melodies of the old South rang through the hall as the former soldiers approached the stage, while Miss West, Division Recorder of Crosses, pinned the emblems over their hearts.

* * *

Missouri Division.—Much interest is being shown by all Chapters throughout the State in the Stone Mountain Memorial. Mrs. Frank S. Leach, of Sedalia, has been chosen by the Directors of the Association to take charge of raising Missouri's quota—\$200,000. The Special Missouri Committee, appointed to name five distinguished Missouri Confederate leaders, whose figures are to be carved on Stone Mountain, has named the following: Maj. Gen. Sterling Price, Brig. Gen. Joseph O. Shelby, Maj. Gen. John S. Marmaduke, Brig. Gen. Francis Marion Cockrell, Claiborne F. Jackson (war governor of Missouri).

The John S. Marmaduke Chapter, of Columbia, takes great pride in the fact that their Chapter is named for so great a Missourian as Maj. Gen. John S. Marmaduke. This Chapter entertained the official committee of Stone Mountain Monumental Association with a dinner on January 27, at the Daniel Boone Tavern. Mrs. J. W. Robinson, President of the Chapter, presided. Floyd C. Shoemaker, chairman of the Committee, is also secretary of the Missouri Historical Society.

Miss Grace Mary Blair, of Jefferson City, has been named as representative for her district to assist in raising funds for the Jefferson Memorial. The members of the Winnie Davis Chapter, of Jefferson City, on February 10, adopted resolutions indorsing Miss Blair, who is an attractive daughter of an esteemed member of the Winnie Davis Chapter. They

pledged her their support in securing liberal contributions, so that Miss Blair may be included as a guest of the *Globe-Democrat* on the European tour which is now being planned.

The Winnie Davis Chapter received a prize of ten dollars for sending the most plants to the Higginsville Park. This prize was awarded at the State meeting in St. Louis, October 23, 1925.

* * *

Missouri.—Mrs. M. C. Duggins, of Slater, is chairman of "Men and Women of the Sixties," and is receiving hearty coöperation from the Chapters throughout the State. Mrs. Duggins has served faithfully and well in this capacity for several years and her heart is in the work.

The students of Stephens College, Columbia, broadcast a radio program in December for the Confederate Home at Higginsville, which was greatly enjoyed. All at the Home were remembered at Christmas with fruit and candy, and many of the Chapters sent personal gifts to the veterans and their wives. The Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, of Mexico, wrapped one hundred and sixty-nine presents, a gift for each.

One of the most beloved members of the Missouri Division is Mrs. G. K. Warner, of the M. A. E. McLure Chapter, St. Louis, and who has just retired from serving her Chapter faithfully as President. Mrs. Warner was one of the hostesses at the State meeting and added so much to the pleasure of the visitors.

The birthdays of Generals Lee and Jackson were commemorated in Kansas City by the five Chapters uniting and giving their annual breakfast at the Hotel Muehleback, with about one hundred and fifty present. The Rev. Charles R. Nesbit gave an eloquent address on "Robert E. Lee." Mrs. H. B. Wright, of Independence, and Mrs. Allen L. Porter, of Kansas City, were the only State officers present.

The Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, of Mexico, gave a luncheon at the Hoxsey Hotel on Thursday, the 21st of January in honor of General Jackson's birthday. The Chapter President, Mrs. Joe Luckie, presided as toast mistress. Dr. Highsmith, of Hardin College, responded to the toast "Lee and Jackson, American Gentlemen." Mrs. R. D. Marshall, also of Hardin College, spoke on the "Stone Mountain of the South"; Mrs. George Kemp gave a talk on "The Mental Monuments of the South," and Mrs. R. M. Dyer talked on "Monuments of Service." Sixty-six guests were present, six of whom were veterans. The program closed with the singing of "Dixie."

* * *

North Carolina.—Most interesting and impressive celebrations of Lee-Jackson Day were held by many of the Chapters of North Carolina.

At Charlotte, formal exercises were held at Trinity Methodist Church, with the venerable Confederate veteran, Dr. Alexander Graham, presiding. Most impressively, Mrs. Dolph Long, President of the Division, presented Crosses of Service. Henry L. Stevens, Commander of North Carolina Department, American Legion, was the principal speaker and paid a glowing tribute to the Southern heroes.

At the close of the exercises, sixty veterans were royally entertained at luncheon.

* * *

Ohio Division.—The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter was entertained at the Buisness Men's Club for their February reunion, Mrs. Perry V. Shoe, Mrs. R. W. Lyle, and Mrs. John Robinson acting as hostesses. After the regular business meeting, the Chapter was entertained by Miss Mary

Moore Davis, of Kentucky, who read intimate sketches on the life of General Johnston, whose birth month this is. A musical program followed. Tea was served from a long table decorated with pink and white carnations.

South Carolina Division.—At a dinner recently given by the Mary Ann Bine Chapter to the veterans of Camp Mallory, each veteran was presented with a roll of his company, bearing the U. D. C. emblem. These were a personal gift from Mrs. Black.

The Olive M. Dantzler Chapter won the prize offered by J. S. Wanamaker for selling the largest number of Stone Mountain Memorial coins.

An interesting contribution to the Confederate relic room at Columbia are three loose-leaf binders, presented by the Edgefield Chapter, and containing two hundred original orders issued by Gen. R. L. M. Dunovant. Among the documents are orders received by General Dunovant from General Beauregard and Governor Pickens; also the commission, signed by President Davis and countersigned by General Beauregard; of General Dunovant as brigadier general of the forces in Charleston and the islands surrounding. He was acting in that capacity during the bombardment of Fort Sumter.

The news of the death of Mrs. Ruffin Cox, of Richmond, Va., has been received in South Carolina with great sorrow. She inherited from her father, Colonel Cabell, of Richmond, and her mother, who was Miss Allston, of York, S. C., all that was best of the history, tradition, and life of the old South.

Mrs. Cox served as Vice Regent of the South Carolina room in the Confederate Museum at Richmond for eighteen years.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General.*

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1926.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CABINET.

U. D. C. Program for May.

Third Secretary of State.

Judah P. Benjamin, of Louisiana from March 18, 1862, to close.

Read selection from "Debate in Congress on Kansas Question," or farewell to Senate on February 5, 1861.

C. OF C. PROGRAM.

MAY.

Florida, seceded January 10, 1861.

Writer: James Ryder Randall.

"The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!

His torch is at thy temple door,

Maryland!

Avenge the patriotic gore

That flecked the streets of Baltimore

And be the battle queen of yore

Maryland! my Maryland!"

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....	<i>President General</i>
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.	
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....	<i>First Vice President General</i>
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.	
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....	<i>Second Vice President General</i>
Fayetteville, Ark.	
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....	<i>Treasurer General</i>
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.	
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....	<i>Recording Secretary General</i>
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.	
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....	<i>Historian General</i>
Athens, Ga.	
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....	<i>Corresponding Secretary General</i>
College Park, Ga.	
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....	<i>Poet Laureate General</i>
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.	
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....	<i>Auditor General</i>
Montgomery, Ala.	
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....	<i>Chaplain General</i>
Mathews, Va.	



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....	Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville	Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.	Mrs. D. H. Fred
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....	Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....	Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....	Miss Jeane D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....	Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....	Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....	Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....	Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....	Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....	Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....	Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....	Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....	Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....	Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

MEMORIAL DAY AND REUNION.

My Dear Coworkers: The cycle of time swings the pendulum around to the approaching Memorial Day, the day of most sacred memories, and for the perpetuation of which we stand solemnly pledged by the faith in us of our sainted mothers, who, could they but speak the word, would say: "Carry on; let naught distract your purpose. Ours is the foundation, yours and future generations are the builders, and will ye fail us now after all the years of suffering and privation through which we passed? And we bequeathed to you this the first patriotic organization in this land, that you should proclaim to the world your steadfast purpose of committing to future generations the story of our devotion and sacrifice when we laid upon the altar of our beloved Southland our most precious treasures, and, with eyes blinded with tears, looked up to our God saying, 'Thy will be done,' when at last all had gone save honor." May our hands lose their cunning and our spirits be blasted if we forget thee, O, Southern mothers!

Bring your flowers and wreath garlands, unfurl that flag so sacredly laid away, bring your children and grandchildren, and let the lesson of the day teach them that there is no treason in claiming the sovereign right of self-government. Let them learn the thrill of "Dixie," and "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," beneath that monument whose cap stone points to the ethereal blue, where the heroes have "passed over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." Teach them to gather history, to venerate, love, and honor the few brave souls who remain ever the embodiment of our affectionate admiration and pride. Soldiers of Dixie, we Confederate mothers salute you, and pray God's blessing upon you!

APPOINTMENTS FOR THE REUNION.

Through the courtesy of the Commander in Chief, U. C. V., Gen. W. B. Freeman, the President General has been given the privilege of appointing a Sponsor and a Maid of Honor for the South to represent the Confederate Southern Memorial Association at the reunion in Birmingham. The honor of Sponsor has been given to Miss Phoebe Frazer, whose mother organized the Memorial Association of Memphis, and was active in the work until the summons to come up higher. She was President of the local association of Memphis almost from its beginning, and at the time of her going had been State President of Tennessee for several years. Our Poet Laureate, Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, a sister of Miss Phoebe Frazer, has been no less active in C. S. M. A. work. Miss Frazer has also served the past year as editor of the C. S. M. A. depart-

ment in the VETERAN, so that in every way this charming young woman, typically representative of the culture and charm of the old South, not only deserves, but will grace, the appointment.

Miss Willie Fort Williams, appointed Maid of Honor for the South to represent the C. S. M. A., is a charming representative of the young woman of the old South, typically Southern in every respect and filled with patriotic devotion to all the traditions of her native State. She has since early childhood shown the deepest interest in Memorial work, and has been a strong factor in the organization and support of the Junior Memorial Association in her home city, Atlanta.

She is of distinguished Southern ancestry on both paternal and maternal sides. Her grandfather, James C. Williams, being disabled for service in the army, equipped his younger brothers for duty and gave the use of his warehouse for storage and distribution of supplies; was an honored member of Camp 159 U. C. V., from its beginning. He served as first mayor of Atlanta after the war, and was reappointed two succeeding terms. Samuel Davies Blackburn, maternal grandfather, was Judge Advocate, also a delegate to the Kentucky convention, which joined that State to the Confederacy.

Another appointment by the President General that will be of pleasurable interest is that of Dr. Annie L. Sawyer, Medical Adviser for the convention at Birmingham. Dr. Sawyer is a member at large of the C. S. M. A., and a prominent practitioner of Atlanta for the past twenty-five years, where she enjoys the esteem of a wide circle of friends and patients among the women and children of the city. On her father's side she has distinguished Confederate lineage. Col. Benjamin F. Sawyer was a native of Alabama. Records show that he organized a company for the service of the Confederacy under authority from the Secretary of War at Richmond, dated June 14, 1861, which he armed and equipped at his own expense, and which was known as Company K, 24th Alabama Infantry. He was made captain, then promoted to major, March 25, 1863, and to lieutenant colonel, June 2, 1863. He fought valiantly during all these years and was wounded at the battle of Shiloh, April, 6 1862, from which he suffered long after the war. Although disabled, he commanded his company until October, 1864, when he was no longer able to do field service. Was paroled at Talladega, Ala., May 22, 1865. Colonel Sawyer's wife was no less active for the Confederacy, as she superintended the large plantation and many slaves, the product of the fields going to feed the soldiers at the front.

Dr. Sawyer is a pioneer among women in her profession, having graduated from the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. She has a charm of manner truly Southern, and her presence inspires fullest confidence. The fact that for the four days of the convention she will be the guardian of the health of the increasingly large delegation will be welcome news to many, and especially to our veteran mothers, whom she will watch over with tenderest care.

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON, *President General.*

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

THE MEMORIAL COIN.

The price of the Memorial Coin is to be advanced to two (\$2) dollars in April, by order of the Executive Committee of the Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial Association. Let every Memorial woman push the sale to the limit, for the time will come when these coins will be almost priceless, as rare jewels. Buy now and do not suffer regret when it is too late.

STATE PRESIDENT FOR ALABAMA.

Our State President for Alabama, Mrs. R. P. Dexter, has gone whole-heartedly into plans for our C. S. M. A. convention in Birmingham, beginning in the afternoon at 3:30, May 18. With a strong committee, she is working and planning to make this the very best convention yet held by the C. S. M. A. Mrs. Dexter has scarcely known the time when she was not identified with the Memorial work, and brings to her task, aside from the love of it, wonderful enthusiasm and executive ability, which, with cordial grace of manner, easily fit her to be a leader among women.

THE INSPIRATIONAL SPIRIT OF THE REUNION.

BY MRS. BRYAN WELLS COLLIER.

In just a few more weeks the curtain of hallowed memory will again be lifted, and, for a few fleeting days, we shall be permitted to dream again of that great and powerful drama of 1861-65.

I have looked through the pages of history, but nowhere have I found such an imposing galaxy of heroic souls; nowhere have I found so many faithful friends whose loyalty has lasted for more than a half century; nowhere have I seen so many care-worn and faded jackets, so many proud and noble brows; nowhere have I read of so many gallant and unselfish deeds as those that painted with a golden glory the history of the Army of the Confederacy.

And soon all that is left to us of the blood royal of the gray-clad hosts will pass before us in grand review at our Confederate reunion in May in the beautiful city of Birmingham, in the State of Alabama, the State that will ever hold the first White House of the Confederacy.

Unless you are of the South, you cannot appreciate that chapter in our nation's history that tells the story of Southern knighthood and Southern chivalry; that recounts the matchless bravery of Southern soldiery from Sumter to Appomattox. Unless your heart thrills with inexpressible pride that your father or mother or some other loved one played a part in that mighty company that composed the "Indestructible Kingdom of the South," you cannot know the deep and tender memories that over and over again are wafted from these reunions like the perfume of a faded flower from an old-time rose garden.

And, as every story must have its sequel, side by side with the tragic but heroic figure of the "hero in gray," as he marched into battle after battle, there marched always, close by his side, her gentle spirit holding his golden casket of gems, that queenly and noble soul, the Woman of the Confederacy.

She knew, better than any other, the principles for which he fought; and it was that Southern woman, the last of all to surrender, who "carried on" when defeat was lettered on our flag and its battered folds drooping; when its ragged followers were few in number and faint with hunger.

O, the soul of the Southern woman! It blazed on the firing line of battle and hovered over the lonely bivouac in which the sleeping soldier dreamed of home. It paced the sentinel around the camp fire and hallowed and preserved every letter at the front. It made sacred the memory of our heroic dead and inspired the lovely custom of Memorial Day.

Yes, sixty-five years of constant and faithful love, sixty-five years of unwearied loyalty and devotion to the cause they loved better than life, have followed the Southern woman to this glad and glorious day. For she has mingled the laurel with the cypress and has gathered the sweetest flowers that bloom in the sunshine of each new spring to honor the memory of the gray-clad host.

Yes, she has strewn with flowers the last resting place of our heroic dead and the hallowed pathway on which the living heroes of that thin gray line march to their final rendezvous.

The woman of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association has made of every Southern city and hamlet a Mecca on each Memorial Day, to whose shrine the people of the Southland annually bring their grateful hearts. Truly, to no other hearts can these reunions bring so much of precious joy as is experienced by the women of the Memorial Association.

May many of our Association members be able to attend this year, and many, many members of our junior association also be present, for to them, the youth of the Southland, must soon fall the joyful task of preserving the traditions of the South; and in none of the pages of history can they catch one-half the inspiration that is given in one fleeting glimpse of our war-torn battle flags, with their magnificent background of brave men and noble women. In those flags they may catch a vivid reflection of the days when every woman was a queen and every man a knightly hero.

What music is there equal to "Dixie"? What sight is there more inspiring than a group of our gray-clad veterans, sitting together and dreaming together, while a far-off band plays "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground?"

And then there is the picture, well worthy of any artist's dreams, of the great parade as it passes in review through a sea of bared heads and a thunderous volume of reverent applause.

Should we in Birmingham, in May, have only that great parade, it will be more than enough to make that meeting well worth while.

"God gives us but a little space
To linger here, and then the call
To gather in that mystic place
Where he is love, and love is all."

"All we know is that they gave
A fame to those chivalrous days,
For they were loyal and they were brave,
And we can now but speak their praise."

Sons of Confederate Veterans

GENERAL OFFICERS.

DR. W. C. GALLOWAY, Wilmington, N. C. *Commander in Chief*
 WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. *Adjutant in Chief*
 H. T. WILCOX, Marion, S. C. *Inspector in Chief*
 PAUL S. ETHERIDGE, Atlanta, Ga. *Judge Advocate in Chief*
 DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock, Ark. *Surgeon in Chief*
 JOE H. FORD, Wagoner, Okla. *Quartermaster in Chief*
 ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, Lynchburg, Va. *Historian in Chief*
 REV. ALBERT S. JOHNSON, Charlotte, N. C. *Chaplain in Chief*
 DON FARNSWORTH, New York City. *Commissary in Chief*

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

DR. W. C. GALLOWAY, *Chairman* Wilmington, N. C.
 N. B. FORREST. Atlanta, Ga.
 JOHN M. KINARD. Newberry, S. C.
 LUCIUS L. MOSS. Lake Charles, La.
 JUDGE EDGAR SCURRY. Wichita Falls, Tex.
 JESSE ANTHONY. Washington, D. C.
 L. A. MORTON. Duncan, Okla.



DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA. John M. Kinard, Newberry, S. C.
 ARMY TENNESSEE. Lucius L. Moss, Lake Charles, La.
 ARMY TRANS-MISSISSIPPI. L. A. Morton, Duncan, Okla.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

ALABAMA—Fort Payne. Dr. W. E. Quinn
 ARKANSAS—Little Rock. E. R. Wiles
 DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA and MARYLAND—Washington, Fielding M. Lewis
 EASTERN DIVISION—New York City. Silas W. Fry
 FLORIDA—Tampa. S. L. Lowry
 GEORGIA—Savannah. Dr. W. R. Dancy
 KENTUCKY—Lexington. W. V. McFerrin
 LOUISIANA—Monroe. J. W. McWilliams
 MISSOURI—St. Louis. W. Scott Hancock
 MISSISSIPPI—Tupelo. John M. Witt
 NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville. C. M. Brown
 OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City. J. E. Jones
 SOUTH CAROLINA—Barnwell. Harry D. Calhoun
 TENNESSEE—Memphis. J. L. Highsaw
 TEXAS—Austin. Lon A. Smith
 VIRGINIA—Charlottesville. T. E. Powers
 WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington. G. A. Sidebottom

All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

THE EDITOR AND S. C. V. GENERALLY.

PRELUDE TO A SWAN SONG.

One more installment after this, and the present editor of this S. C. V. Department retires from the job. Let us hope it falls into better hands. I had wished to make a few pertinent remarks about the "Lincoln-Lee Celebration" recently held by the "Southern Society" of Washington, at the Willard Hotel, where secession was "mildly damned," as our account read, and the speeches were cheered by the Southerners present. Also I had hoped for space for a like line of remarks about that "Lincoln-Lee" university the Methodists propose to erect in the West, this suggestion being chiefly sponsored by a minister who told a distinguished Southern woman that "I worship Lincoln" and doubtless wishes to let off some excess adoration in this manner. Also I had hoped to be able to remark that it was strange none of these hyphenations assumed the form of a "Lincoln-Davis" something or other, and to venture the timid remark that I would wager a small sum that such a proposal from our Lincoln-worshiping Southern friends would meet with a chilly reception by our Northern conciliators. But the boys have come forward so generously with their reports and remarks this month that space is forbidden, glory be! and I stand aside for the following interesting Camp and Division items and reports:

WEST VIRGINIA DIVISION REPORTS.

HEADQUARTERS WEST VIRGINIA DIVISION, S. C. V.
 HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

GENERAL ORDERS NUMBER 1.

1. I hereby announce the appointment of my official staff and brigade commanders for the West Virginia Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans:

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Dr. J. B. Taylor, Huntington.
 Inspector, George N. Wilson, Elkins.
 Judge Advocate, T. W. Peyton, Huntington.
 Chaplain, Rev. W. H. Sheffer, Huntington.
 Quartermaster, T. W. Zink, Keystone.
 Commissary, Robert W. Bradford, 301 Broad Street, Charleston.
 Surgeon, Dr. E. S. Buffington, Huntington.
 Color Sergeant, C. H. Ricketts, Huntington.
 Historian, T. O. Timberlake, 824 Bridge Avenue, Charleston.

Brigade Commanders.

First Brigade, A. D. Daly, Hinton.
 Second Brigade, R. S. Darden, Elkins.
 Third Brigade, B. D. Gibson, Charles Town.

By Order of G. W. SIDEBOTTOM, *Commander*.
 Official

Dr. J. B. TAYLOR, *Adjutant and Chief of Staff*.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA DIVISION REPORTS.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA AND MARYLAND
 DIVISION S. C. V., WASHINGTON, D. C.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 1.

1. The following staff appointments for the District of Columbia and Maryland Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, are made to rank from June 7, 1925—namely:
 Adjutant and Chief of Staff, F. R. Fravel, Ballston, Va.
 Judge Advocate, J. A. Chumbley, Homer Building, Washington D. C.

Quartermaster, Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, Ballston, Va.
 Commissary, W. L. Wilkinson, 633 F Street, N. W., Washington D. C.

Historian, Maj. J. F. Johnson, 16 St. Mansions, Washington, D. C.

Surgeon, F. E. Neill, 1824 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W. Washington, D. C.

Chaplain, A. R. Byrd, 1516 Twenty-Second Street, N. W. Washington, D. C.

2. The foregoing officers will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

By order of FIELDING M. LEWIS, *Commander*,
 Cherrydale, Va.

Official
 F. R. FRAVEL, *Adjutant and Chief of Staff*,
 Ballston, Va.

REPORT OF ORGANIZER J. W. L. ARTHUR.

CHARLESTON, S. C., February 3, 1926.

Mr. Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

Dear Sir: I have noticed in your department of the VETERAN the account of different ones organizing Camps of S. C. V., so I am going to tell you of what I have done since the reunion at Dallas. Commencing June 15, I have organized Camps at the following named places in North Carolina:
 Sanford, 15 members; High Point, 27 members; Laurinburg,

22 members; Burlington, 24 members; Brevard, 15 members; Graham, 12 members; Rutherford, 11 members; Reedsville, 19 members; Albemarle, 9 members; North Wilksboro, 18 members; Ashboro, 13 members; Lenoir, 8 members; Lexington, 7 members; Taylorsville, 7 members; Thomasville, 17 members; Louisburg, 15 members; Swannanoa, 9 members.

These are all in North Carolina. I am now doing a little in South Carolina. I started at Spartanburg and signed up thirty-five new men for a Camp at that place, and from there to Greenville, where I got seventy-five to join; then to Columbia, where I got fifty-five; am now in Charleston and have enrolled several and hope to organize here the last of the week with a large number.

Fraternally yours.

J. W. ARTHUR.

TEXAS DIVISION REPORTS.

HEADQUARTERS TEXAS DIVISION, S. C. V.,
AUSTIN, TEX., February 1, 1926.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 2.

To be read before every Camp of the Texas Division, S. C. V.

1. I hereby announce the appointment of my official staff to rank as of date of October 3, 1925:

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Hon. Edward S. McCarver, Orange, Tex.

Judge Advocate, Hon. W. P. Sebastian, Breckenridge, Tex. Surgeon, Dr. John W. Overton, Hereford, Tex.

Quartermaster, Hon. A. W. Taber, Austin, Tex.

Inspector, Hon. Robert Lindsey, Nacogdoches, Tex.

Color Bearer, Hon. Justin Stein, Dallas, Tex.

Commissary, T. B. McCarter, Canyon, Tex.

Division Historian, Hon. J. Felton Lane, Hearne, Tex.

Chaplain, Rev. Jefferson Davis, Snyder, Tex.

By Order of LON A. SMITH, *Commander.*
Austin, Tex.

Official

Ed S. McCarver, *Adjutant and Chief of Staff.*
Orange, Tex.

A GOOD NEW YORK LETTER.

Commander Grubbs writes an interesting letter, of which the larger part appears below. Note that New York Camp has the application for membership of Col. E. M. House, unofficial "prime minister" under the Woodrow Wilson régime, and whose published autobiography is now creating a sensation.

NEW YORK CAMP No. 985 S. C. V.,
NEW YORK CITY, March 5, 1926.

Mr. Arthur H. Jennings, Historian in Chief, Lynchburg, Va.

I am arranging to take quite a good crowd down to Birmingham from New York, if possible. Just as soon as I get my list of Sponsors and Maids of Honor, etc., complete for the Birmingham meeting, I will send it to you so that you can put it in the April issue of the VETERAN.

Our New York Camp is going to give a large dinner at the Biltmore Hotel in New York on April 8 to Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, James Clark McReynolds. The boys think they will be able to have about five hundred at the dinner. We expect to invite General Freeman, Commander of the Veterans, and Mr Galloway, Commander of the Sons, and also the Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic.

We want to get up a big advertisement for this. We expect to have the governor of New York and the mayor of New York present at the dinner also.

I will endeavor to get our Adjutant to send you some notes every month that I hope will be of interest to you.

We have an application for membership from Col. E. M. House.

With all good wishes, I am fraternally,

HARTWELL B. GRUBBS, *Commander.*

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Col. John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., responds to several inquiries in the VETERAN for March, in the following:

Mr. E.A. McCluer, of Greenville, S. C., wants to know something of "Woodson's" Independent Company of Missouri Cavalry in the raid on Cumberland, Md., and also any other data of this organization.

In February, 1864, "Woodson's Partisan Company" of about eighty men was on provost guard duty with Gen. J. D. Imboden's Northwest Virginia Brigade.

In May of the same year, the Confederate States Congress gave this organization thanks for its prompt renewal of fidelity to the Confederacy and its vow to serve the cause for forty more years unless independence without curtailment of territory should be sooner secured.

In January, 1865, Gen. Jubal Early complained of this, among other independents, including Mosby's command, as being injurious rather than helpful to the cause, as the few dashes they made did not compensate for the disorganization and dissatisfaction produced among the regular troops. McNeil made a raid on Cumberland, Md., in February, 1865, and certainly "brought home the bacon" by capturing two live Yankee generals (Crook and Kelly). The records show that thirty men were in this foray, but specifies the leader only.

Mrs. C. B. Hughes, of Anniston, Ala., wants the name of the colonel of the 12th Mississippi Cavalry Battalion (later 10th Regiment), and also that of the captain of Company F, of the same organization. The colonel was William M. Inge, but so far as I can find, the captain's name does not appear in the records.

Mrs. James M. Trimble, of Knoxville, Tenn., wants information as to the 1st Cherokee (Indian) Cavalry of the Confederate States Army, and I find that there was an organization called the 1st Cherokee Cavalry Battalion, seemingly organized in 1862 and commanded by a Maj. James M. Bryan. This battalion fought at Newtonia, Mo., in September, 1862, and at Fort Gibson, Ind. T., in May, 1863, and was still carried on the army rolls as late as April, 1865.

OLD FORTS IN LOUISIANA.—John N. Thomas, M.D., of Pineville, La., writes of two old Confederate forts on State property in that community, which were erected in 1864-65 after the withdrawal of Porter's fleet from Alexandria, of which he says: "These old forts I am having made into a Confederate memorial by placing marble markers with bronze inserts giving the names of troop commanders, units, and construction engineers. The forts were constructed by a Capt. Christopher Randolph, assisted by Captain Buloh, or Bulow, or was it the French Bulot? We want the correct spelling of the name for the bronze tablet. If the 13th Louisiana Infantry was of General Gray's infantry brigade, the name is doubtless Bulot, from a French family of Plaque-mines Parish. Will appreciate hearing from anyone who knows."

WANTED.—Representative in each community with missionary zeal to acquaint people of the splendid record by the South in literature

An attractive proposition is made for bringing this splendid university movement to the attention of our cultured people. Clubs and club members are coöperating, sometimes using proceeds to further club work. Contains remarkable study courses in Southern literature, history, etc., for club, school, and individual use. Invaluable for the information of the youth in our traditions and ideals. See back cover page of VETERAN. Write to-day for particulars.

THE MARTIN & HOYT CO., ATLANTA, GA.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

"With a long pull and a strong pull
Gayly we'll make her go."

I wonder if we can apply this to our work this year? In many respects the outlook is discouraging, but when we realize that we are working with twenty-two Divisions rather than thirty-eight, and that more than one-half of the divisions have "gone over the top," many of them have not only fulfilled their quotas, but have doubled them, including the tripling of some—there is yet a "silver lining," etc. A strong appeal has been made to the State Presidents for coöperation, for the reason that some of the delinquent Divisions perhaps need the special emphasis that only such an authority can give. We should remember that age of itself is no great virtue. Several years have passed since our delegates pledged, at the St.-Louis convention, the distribution of ten thousand copies of our book, "Women of the South in War Times." The following Divisions have wiped out their obligations: West Virginia, Ohio, New York, Maryland, Massachusetts, Oregon, California, Pittsburgh Chapter, Illinois, Philadelphia Chapter, Washington, New Jersey, South Carolina, Arkansas, Kentucky, North Carolina.

The Director of our New Mexico Chapter, Mrs. J. G. Greaves, has written of the Chapter's interest and coöperation for this year. I am pleased to report responses for quite a number of interested Directors, all of which is encouraging.

MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman.*

Fairmont, W. Va.

"YOUTH'S HISTORY OF THE WAR."

The following comments on the new edition of Horton's "Youth's History of the Civil War," revised by Miss Mary D. Carter and Lloyd T. Everett and republished as a valuable exposition of that period, will be of interest.

From Dr. M. L. Arnold, head of the History Department, Southwestern Texas Teachers' College: "I have read carefully the revised edition of Horton's 'Youth's History of the Great Civil War.' It is a stimulating and valuable book and contains much information not found in the ordinary text on the subject. It should have a wide circulation and be largely read, if only to correct impressions left by the one-sided history so generally available to the ordinary reader. The chapter entitled 'The First Gun of Sumter' is particularly valuable, as many of our Southern historians have misapprehended the issues involved at Fort Sumter. A reading of that chapter would give a child a clear idea of how the war really began and free, in his mind, the Confederate authorities from the charge of recklessness that has so often been made against them."

Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford, editor of the *Scrapbook*: "Several years ago I found two books by fair historians in the North that threw wonderful light upon the War between the States period. . . . These books were George Lunt's 'Origin

of the Late War' and Horton's 'Youth's History.' Imagine my delight when I learned that the latter history was soon to be republished. . . . Let us use our influence to put it in every library in the South, North, East, and West."

Capt. S. A. Ashe, of North Carolina, well-known editor and historian: "I am very glad indeed that Horton's History has been republished. A Northern man writing at the very close of the war and with more feeling than the mere historian of to-day might write, *he presents the causes of the conflict strongly but accurately*, and his book should be in every school library."

Former Gov. O. B. Colquitt, of Texas: "I have read the revised edition of Horton's History and shall be delighted to be of any service I can in inducing others to read and purchase it. It is a most valuable contribution to the history of the causes of the War between the States. I sincerely wish it all possible success."

The book is sold at \$1.25, postpaid. Send orders to the Southwestern Publishing Company, Dallas, Tex.

THE U. D. C. COOKBOOK.

The second compilation of the U. D. C. Cookbook is now on sale, and orders for it can be sent to Mrs. Elizabeth B. Bashinsky, at Troy, Ala. Mrs. Bashinsky reports that the proceeds of the first edition added some \$5,000 to the educational fund of the Alabama Division, U. D. C., for its Scholarship Endowment Fund, and after that edition was exhausted the demands for the book continued, so this second book, larger and better than the first, was gotten out to meet that demand. This is a book to be proud of; it contains some five hundred more recipes than the first, and it is attractively bound in blue and gold. The proceeds from the sales of this book will be divided equally between the U. D. C. and the Woman's Missionary Union (Baptist), and all will be used for the endowment of scholarships, those for the latter to be placed at Judson College.

Send for a copy of this book of 580 pages of "tried and true recipes," which will meet every need in cookery. The price is \$2.25, postpaid.

REUNION BADGES.

George B. Bowling, Inspector General, Tennessee Department, S. C. V., 637 Washington Avenue, Memphis, Tenn., announces that he has arranged to furnish badges for sponsors, maids, etc., for the Birmingham reunion, and those who wish them should send him name, address, and official position—all written or typed plainly. These badges will be of ribbon, one white and two red, three inches wide and thirty inches long. On the white ribbon will be the name, official position, etc., and there will also be a red and white ribbon rosette. The cost will be five dollars, and remittance should be made with order by cash or money order; if by check, add fifteen cents for exchange. Send in your order promptly.

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J. S. Hutchins, now living at 311 Forsythe Street, Macon, Ga., when just a lad enlisted at Sand Fort, Ala., with the Home Guards and was later recruited under General Hood and served with the 38th Alabama Regiment. Any friend or comrade who can testify to his war service will please write to him at once.

E. C. Downs, of Sheffield, Ala., who served in Company I, Cobb's Georgia Legion of Cavalry, writes: "I have just received 'State Capitols of the South,' beautifully arranged in magazine form, and which gives the early history of each State, making it very interesting and worth while for a keepsake. I wish all my old comrades had one. I know they would enjoy the information given."

A TOAST TO TENNESSEE.

"The winds of heaven never fanned,
The circling sunlight never spanned
The borders of a better land
Than sunny Tennessee."

Mrs. Missouri F. Wright, of Avery, Tex., sends her thanks to those who helped her to complete her husband's war record and says she is now drawing her pension. She wishes those good friends to know that she appreciated their kind letters.

Mr. William T. Alexander, 525 Battery Place, Chattanooga, Tenn., reports quite a number of replies from comrades who took part in the siege of Vicksburg, whom he wishes to meet him during the reunion at Birmingham, Ala., May 18-21, for the purpose of forming an association of Vicksburg survivors. Write him at once that you will be there.

Miss Mary A. Sanders, 1971 East Ninety-Seventh Street, Cleveland, Ohio, is trying to secure record of the war service of her father, John Henry Sanders, who, she thinks, belonged to Company F of the 60th Tennessee Regiment; also thinks his service was in the last year or so of the war. She will appreciate hearing from any friend or comrade who remembers him.

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W. D. Crump, of Shallowater, Tex., writes: "I enjoy the VETERAN very much. . . . I served in Company C, 3rd Kentucky Cavalry, Adam R. Johnson's Brigade, Morgan's Division; was captured at Buffington Island and confined at Camp Douglas; was exchanged in March before the surrender and made the trip home on foot with Jack Head, of Franklin County. I hope Jack is still living and will write to me, also any other old comrades. I was called 'Billy Crump' during the war."

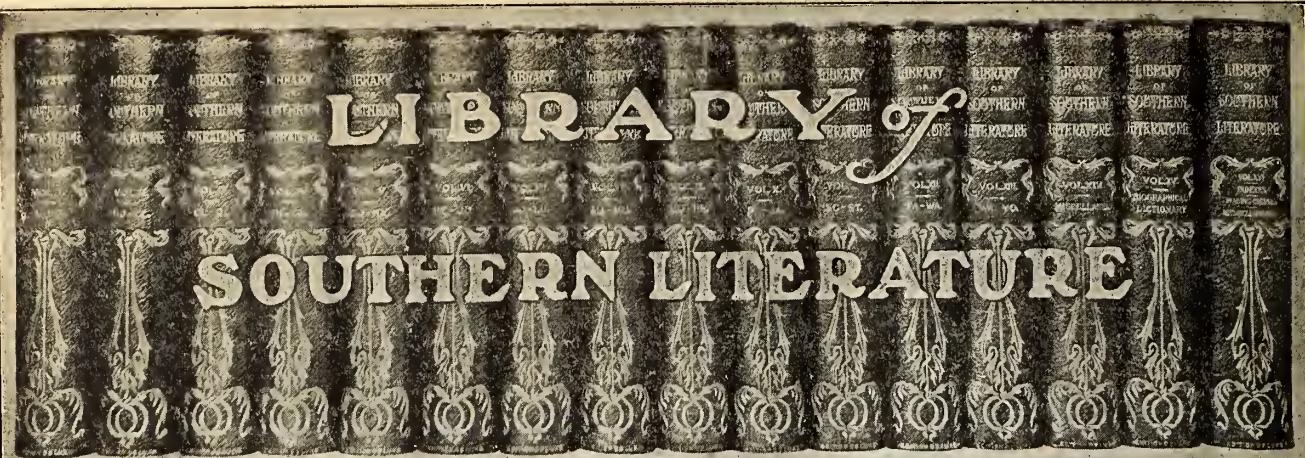
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